

THE WAR CRY

AND OFFICIAL GAZETTE OF THE SALVATION ARMY IN CANADA AND NEWFOUNDLAND

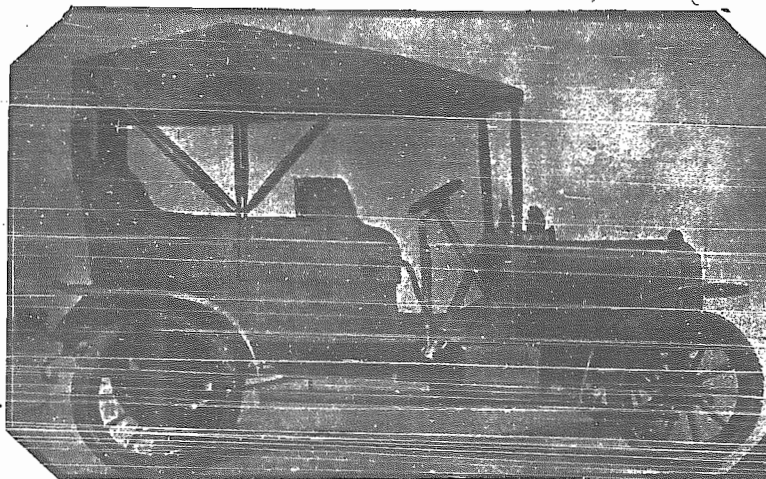
21st Year. No. 49.

WILLIAM BOOTH,
General.

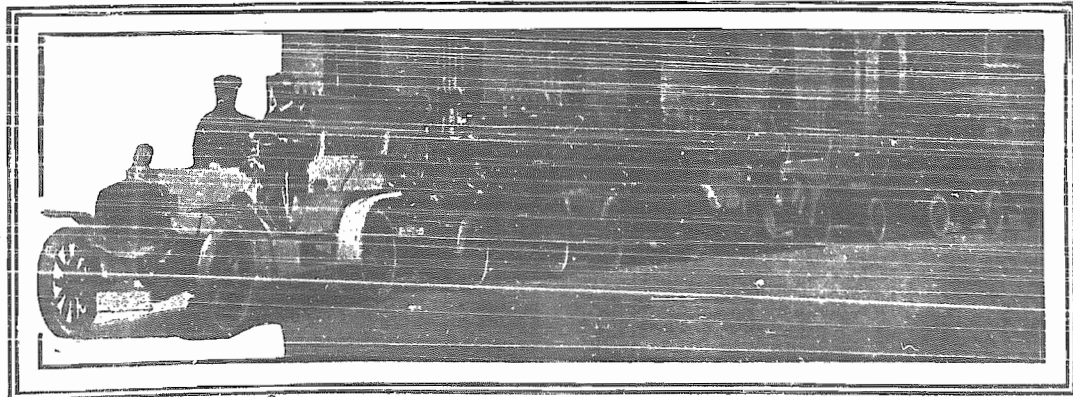
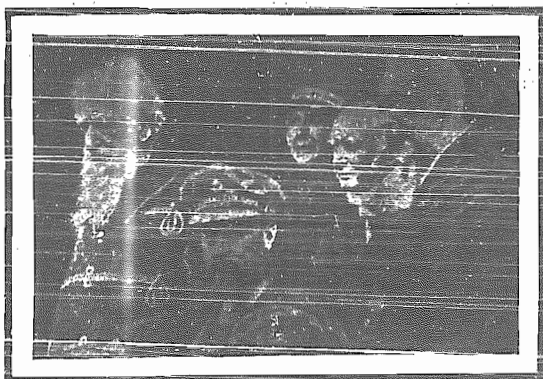
TORONTO, SEPTEMBER 2, 1905.

THOMAS B. COOMBS,
Commodore.

Price, 5 Cents.



**THE
General's
MOTOR
Campaign.**



1. The General's White Car with Red Wheels. 2.—Facing a dense crowd. The Chief of the Staff standing on General and Edmund Eadie on his left. 3.—"Sing it Again—'All Hail!' " 4.—The Motor Fleet of Six Cars Destined to Carry Salvation Two Thousand Miles.

SOMEBODY ELSE.

Who is Somebody Else? I should like to know—
Does he live in the North or South?
Or is it a lady fair to see?
Whose name is in everyone's mouth?
For May says, "Somebody Else will sing."
Or, "Somebody Else will pray."
And Jack says, "Please let Somebody Else
Do some of the errands to-day."

If there is any hard or unpleasant task,
Or difficult thing to do,
'Tis always offered to Somebody Else—
Now wasn't that very true?
But if some fruit, or a pleasant trip
is offered to Dick or Jess,
We hear not a word of Somebody Else.
Why, I will leave you to guess.

The words of cheer for a stranger lad,
This Somebody Else will speak;
And the poor and helpless who need a friend,
Good Somebody Else must seek.
The cup of cold water in Jesus' name,
Oh, Somebody Else will offer.
And words of love for a broken heart
Brave Somebody Else will offer.

There are battles in life we can't fight,
And victories, too, to win,
And Somebody Else cannot take our place
When we shall have entered in.
But if Somebody Else has done his work,
While we for our ease have striven,
'Twill only be fair if the blessed reward
To Somebody Else is given.
—Great Motives with Great Lessons.

Sticks and Tears.

By Mrs. Blanche Johnston.

"You spoke one day a cheering word,
And passed to other duties;
It warmed a heart, new promise stirred,
And painted a life with beauties;
And so for the word and its silent prayer
You'll reap a palm sometime—somewhere."

Willie is an Adjutant in the Salvation Army now; but years ago—never mind how many—he was a little English laddie running to the village school along the lovely hedge-bordered lanes of one of the most picturesque shires in the Old Land.

I do not know, but I fancy he was rather a little rascal—a mischievous little worry—in those days. Anyway, he was on one occasion "kept in" for seven weeks and "birched" with the black thorn stick every day, his teacher acting upon the principle of the Irishman who said, "Yrs, bring my children up in the fear of the Lord and a big rod."

"Do you remember anything you learned during the 'kept in' period?" Willie was asked.

"No," he laughed; "but I remember the thorn stick—it made me harder every day!"
But something unexpected happened and the boy's heart was changed.

"Mr. P— taught the school while the regular master was away, and one day he put his arms around me, and I saw the tears in his eyes, and that broke me all up. I would have done anything for him after that."

What the black thorn stick or the deprivation by association and fun with the other boys on the village green could not do, a loving arm thrown about a wayward, self-willed lad's neck and a glistening tear in a sympathetic eye accomplished, and the warm heart beating under the wilful exterior was won.

Years have winged their flight since then, boyhood has passed into youth, and youth into manhood, and the English country lad is now a useful officer in the Army, preaching the Gospel of love and peace. But who shall say that the change from the school-master's rod to the school-master's love had nothing to do with the kind impulse which prompted this busy officer—whose life is so full of duties—to say to one of his soldiers, hard pressed with work, "I'll come and give you a hand with your garden, so that you can get out sometimes to the week-night meetings." Anyway, I thought, as I heard him recalling reminiscences of his school days in beau-

tiful, fragrant, rural England, that it was one more illustration of the thought so beautifully expressed by an eminent writer:

"Love is the first comforter, and where love and truth speak the love will be felt where the truth is never perceived. Love, indeed, is the highest in all truth; and the pressure of a hand, a kiss, the caress will do more to save, sometimes, than the wisest argument, even rightly understood. Love alone is wisdom; love alone is power; and where love seems to fail it is where self has stepped between and dulled the potency of its rays."

"You gave on the way a pleasant smile,
And thought no more about it;
It cheered a life that was sad while,
That might have been wrecked without it;
And so for the smile, with its fragrance fair,
You'll reap a crown sometime—somewhere."

PROMPT ANSWER TO PRAYER.

There is a story of a distinguished military officer who, on account of treason to his king, was sentenced to a long imprisonment in a solitary cell. He was allowed to have no book except the Bible, and though at first in reading it his only feeling was inward rage, yet by degrees he felt the soothing of God's tender hand on his desolate heart.

During a sleepless night he suddenly felt, for the first time since his childhood, as if he could pray. He opened his Bible and read these words:

"Call upon Me in the day of trouble; I will deliver thee, and thou shalt glorify Me."
He fell upon his knees and prayed to God, and there came into his heart great faith that God had forgiven him, and would rescue him from his miserable condition. He rose from his knees comforted.

Now it happened in that same night.
The King Lay on His Bed Tormented with Pain.

He prayed God for an hour of quiet sleep, he slept, and when he awoke again refreshed, he said to his queen:

"God has looked upon me very graciously, and I would fain be thankful to Him for it. Who is the man in my dominions who has the most deeply injured me? This day I will forgive that man." He considered a moment, and then he exclaimed: "Colonel M— Let him be pardoned!"

When the news of his release reached the prisoner, and the doubly pardoned man inquired the hour in which God had softened the king's heart, it was found to have been the same in which a sense of divine forgiveness had come to him.

GOD AT THE HELM.

I heard of a captain who put out with his vessel with a large number of passengers from Buffalo, on Lake Erie, very early in the season, and while there was much ice. When they were well out, the captain saw, to his horror, that the ice was closing in on him upon all sides, and saw no way out from destruction and death.

He called into the cabin the passengers, and all the crew that could be spared from their posts, and told them that the ship must be lost unless God interposed, and although he was not a Christian man, he said, "Let us pray." And they all knelt, asking God to come to their deliverance.

Then went back to the deck, and the man at the wheel shouted: "All right, cap'n!"

"It's Blowin' Nor'-by-Nor'-West now!"

While the prayer was going on in the cabin, the wind changed, and blew the ice out of the way.

The mate said, "Shall I put on more sail, cap'n?"

"No," responded the captain; "don't touch her. Someone else is managing this ship."

Oh, men and women, shut in on all sides by icy troubles and misfortunes, in earnest prayer, put your affairs in the hands of God.

You will come out all right. Someone else is managing the ship. All will yet be well.
—Talmage.

OUR FATHER'S HAND.

One night a man, under strong pressure of care and difficulty, was lying awake thinking, thinking, until his brain grew wild with the struggle. He could see no way of extrication, yet resolved to hold on to his integrity in spite of the temptation to the contrary.

While in his grapple with the powers of darkness, the voice of the little child sleeping in the crib by the bedside broke the stillness of the night, saying:

"Papa! Papa!"
Quickly he answered: "What is it, darling?"

The call came back: "Oh, papa, it is so dark! Take Nellie's hand!"

He reached out and took the tiny hand with a firm clasp in his own. A sigh of relief came from the little breast, the fear and loneliness were gone, and she was soon sound asleep again.

Then came to his throbbing brain and struggling soul the assurance:

"Like as a father pitieth his children, so the Lord pitieth them that fear Him."

The terror was gone; a great peace came; sleep fell softly on the eyelids, and, with the morning light, he rose calm and strong to face the trial of the day. He was held firmly by a Divine hand, and led successfully through the perils of the situation in peace and prosperity.

Stepping Out in Faith.

Six months after my conversion (writes an officer who has led many sinners to God) the Spirit of God made it plain to me that I ought to apply for officership in the Army; but at this time I was entirely responsible for the support of a widowed mother and an invalid sister.

I tried hard to make myself believe I was mistaken, and that God would never call me from home under existing circumstances. I conferred with several Christian people outside the Army. They assured me that I was all wrong in supposing that God would ever call a young man to leave home who was responsible for his parent, as I was.

In spite of all this, however, the conviction grew upon me, as born of God, that at all cost I must follow His call, and all my heart was set to win souls. I prayed, I think I may say, without ceasing, and eventually I made known my feelings to my mother. She said she would sooner die in the workhouse than stay in the way of my following what I believed to be the call of God.

Still, I struggled against the conviction. The great trial, which came very forcibly to me at times, was that she would be exposed to privation and want without me.

In due course the Sunday came for me to say farewell at my corps. On the Sunday night my brother, who was directly opposed to all religion, entered the Army hall for the first time, with my sister, and at the close of the meeting both volunteered for salvation.

Then and there my brother publicly confessed Christ, and what is more, undertook the entire responsibility of my widowed mother and home.

God's faithfulness has been verified in my experience over and over again, in quite as marked a manner, and I believe that in making that first consecration in faith for my loved ones, I learned, perhaps, the greatest lesson of my life.

PLAYING IN DUTCH.

Old Gent: "What tune is the band playing, my boy?"

Boy: "God save the King."

Old Gent: "Oh, no; it isn't that."

Boy: "Yes, it are, sir; only day's a-playin' uv it in Dutch, you see."

THE RISKS.

BY THE GENERAL

My eye fell upon a multitude, already saved, enrolled, and one might almost say, to a very large extent, trained and ready for the fight. I allude to the soldiers in our own ranks whom God is wanting to lead forth as His sanctified hosts to the battle.

In this letter let me speak of these. If you are qualified for this business I want you to set your affairs in order. Bid farewell to your loved ones. Separate yourself from all worldly pursuits. Come out and place yourself, with every power you possess for doing or suffering, at the Master's feet. Why should the war suffer? Why should the enemy triumph? Why should the battle languish for want of leaders when you are the very people, possess the very gifts, have been saved for the very purpose of carrying it on? We need not wait for the little ones growing up, nor for the wicked ones to be converted; you are grown up and you are converted, and you are to hand. We cannot, must not, will not wait.

"Be patient," do you say? "Wait the Lord's time?"

This is the Lord's time; why should I wait? There is a sanctified anger, because it is just; and there is a sanctified impatience, because it is born of benevolence. How can we wait and see the people die, and see the generation sweep off before our eyes into eternal woe that might be rescued—that might be saved?

This is a very important business. Are all to become officers? Yes, all who are adapted for it. We go on the lines of adaptation. If you are cut out for being an officer, an officer you must be, and an officer you will be; or it will be so much the worse for you here and hereafter. And here let me remark that it is a very serious matter—as thousands can testify—for any man or woman to allow any consideration of gain, or pleasure, or friendship to turn them aside from reading that track of labor which God gives them to understand in their hearts as being the most likely to glorify Him and save men. If God sets before you an open door through which you know there is an entrance to a career of usefulness, enter it, though in doing so you turn your back on fame and friends and fortune. I would not like to be in any man's shoes—or any woman's, either—who, when two courses lay before them, chose that which led to worldly ease and enjoyment, preference to the suffering which, if followed, meant the salvation of men.

"But what is to become of business?" said a lady at the breakfast table, when I expressed a wish that I could have her five sons for officers.

"The business of the world, you mean, I resume? Oh, let the business of the world take care of itself," I replied. "My business is to get the world saved. If this involves the standing still of the looms, and the shutting up of the factories, and the staying of the sailing of ships, let them all stand still. When we have got everybody converted they can go on again, and we shall be able to keep things going then by going half-time, and have the rest to spend in loving one another and worshipping God."

"But how are they all to be supported?" the lady asked.

"Oh, we make war support war," I replied. "We will quarter them on the enemy."

We have gone on that principle in the Army, and practice has justified it in the past and will justify it in the future. And if the sinners cannot support the war, the saints must help them. If a nation be thoroughly aroused to any tremendous struggle, fighting for its own existence, part of its inhabitants will go forth into the field, part nurse and care for the wounded, and the remainder till the fields to support the whole. When God's people wake up to the importance of this great war, and go forth engaged

in it after this fashion, the millenium will not be far away.

Officers! I am after, and I want those soldiers whose names are already on the roll, who are qualified for the task, to look themselves up, and, if qualified, to send in their names at once.

But at this point a soldier asks: "How am I to know whether I am qualified, and whether God wants me for that position?"

Go down before God, and tell Him that you are willing to go; then you shall have these words verified in your experience, "If any man will do My will, he shall know of the doctrine." Consecration honestly made to go if wanted will bring the answer back from heaven into your own heart.

"Can't do it." "Have not the gifts." "Wanting in courage and ever so many other kinds of power."

How do you know? Have you tried? Give yourself a chance. Get on to outpost duty. Do something in your own streets. Shake the napkin. You do not know what talents you do possess. If you have not got courage to shake it yourself, go to your Captain and tell him he can do what he likes with you. You can only find out what your gifts really are in the actual war, and so settle the matter far beyond controversy; and do not go to the end of your days thinking that you have missed your calling.

"Afraid of the consequences." Ah, we are coming to it now; perhaps you cannot face a life of poverty, persecution, or hardship in general. Could do anything in your own town, but could not leave father or mother.

And yet you sing—

"Anywhere with Jesus,"

and shout—

"If the cross we boldly bear,
Then a crown we shall wear,"

and intend to present yourselves some day at the gates of gold as a true follower of Him who, though He was rich, yet for our sakes became poor, that we through His poverty might become rich."

Again I say, look yourself up, my comrade. Say, "Ought I to go? How will the considerations that keep me back, that hinder me even allowing myself to fairly look the work in the face, appear in the light of a dying hour, or in the glare of the Great White Throne?"

"Want to make the best of life" do you? "Have a good opening for business." "A good prospect for getting comfortably settled." "A track to fortune." Do you say you have your foot on the first round of the ladder leading to fame and fortune, otherwise you would follow Him? I might reply to you with His words, "If any man will be My disciple, let him deny himself, take up his

cross and follow Me." But I will argue with you for a moment, on your own grounds. You are in for doing the best you can for yourself. I will take you on these lines; hear me. "Is it riches you want? See here, my brother, my sister, you can have thousands of souls; there is a value for your labor. Weigh them against your gold and your silver and your precious stones. Tell me, what are sovereigns to souls? You need not stop till you are dying, or till you face the throne; you have light and knowledge enough now. Get into your inner chamber and settle it which way the riches lie."

Are you carried away with ambition and admiration of your fellows? Go in for the admiration of yourself. Face and force a career that will win for you your own everlasting respect, and, if that is not enough, aim at having said for yourself what was said of John, "He was great in the sight of the Lord."

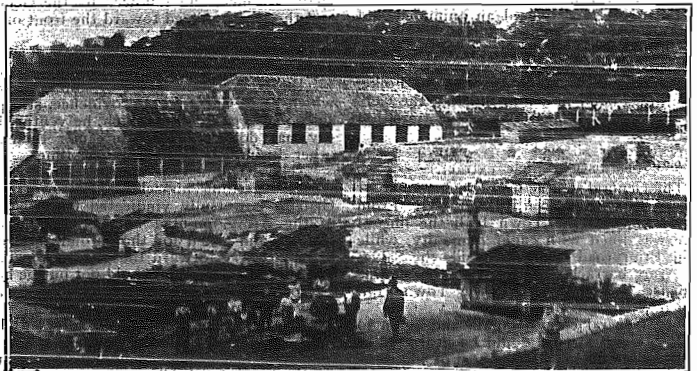
Pleasure? A life of pleasure? Ask the fire-escape man if he ever has any thrill equal to that he is privileged to have now and then when he fights his way through the blinding smoke and rescues the people ready to perish and carries them in his arms safely down the ladder, and hands them over to their waiting, shivering friends at its foot.

Risks, partings, separations, hardships, possibilities of being rejected, sent home, wounded, killed. Well, I won't say a word to lessen them. I will tell you a story. I read some time ago an incident which occurred in Hungary. The frost had set in with unwonted severity. A man with his young wife and child set off on a sleigh from a village in the forest to a neighboring town. When they had got well on their journey into the woods a pack of wolves scented them and came howling on their track. As the ferocious animals reached the sleigh the horses took fright and galloped off. The woman, paralyzed with fear, let the child fall from her arms. The man threw the reins on the lap of his wife and sprang to the rescue of the child in the midst of the wolves. The father and child were torn to pieces, and the horses petrified the inhabitants of the town as they rushed into it dragging with them the sleigh burdened with the frozen bodies of the mother and a child born during the terrible journey.

There were risks to that father—terrible risks; risks in cold blood, difficult for us to estimate. But he saw not the risks nor stayed for them. He might have saved himself, but he wanted to save his child, and he leaped to almost certain death in the hope of accomplishing it. That was Christ's fashion. It has been the fashion followed by thousands of His followers. Perhaps it is the fashion to which He is drawing you. There are the people dying! The wolves of hell are around them, preying on them, dragging them away to perdition! They are dying and being damned wholesale, and you stand there talking about risks. God forgive you! He will if you do your duty, and so will

Yours faithfully in the war,

WILLIAM BATH.



Barbecues for Drying Pimento, Coffee, etc., Jamaica.

THE GENERAL'S

Great British Motor Campaign.

Universal and intense interest centres upon the General's two thousand mile tour actually in progress through the heart of rural England.

The London dailies, several of which have special correspondents accompanying the motor fleet, appear to vie with each other in recording interesting details of the thrilling and pathetic incidents which crowd each day's memoranda, as well as the popular civil and municipal welcomes and greetings which Mayors, aldermen and corporations are bestowing upon our revered leader in almost every town.

At some places the dignified receptions are prelaced by mounted police being sent to the outskirts of the town to escort the General to the Town Hall, and following the presentation of addresses (illuminated and otherwise) speeches from M.P.s, J.P.s and leading citizens, and the General's unflinching practical reply of appreciation, etc., etc., is a public meeting at the theatre or largest building available, where a desperate battle for souls ensues.

We append some cuttings from various papers, showing the tour from many points of view. We could easily fill the whole of a War Cry were we to reproduce all the interesting things which are being written concerning it:

(War Cry extract.)

"The big white car with red wheels, after picking up the General at Dover, was held up on the road by a trifling, but hindering, mishap, and, as a consequence, the General did not reach the Folkestone Palace Picnic Grounds until three-quarters of an hour after advertised time.

"Patiently a great crowd waited before the huge tin palace; every moment others gathered, until they filled green and roadway, while still more patiently those in the darkened theatre kept their seats—a tribute to the General's 'drawing power,' for outside there were enticing sea-breezes and the glorious sunshine.

"At last a powerful red relief car was hurried off to Dover, with Major Cox in command, and cheers in the distance told that the General was coming. The cheers grew louder and stronger, the red car dashed into the roadway, and drew up at the main entrance to the theatre amidst hearty manifestations of goodwill and the snapping of a hundred kodaks. The General had arrived.

"His Worship the Mayor, John Banks, Esq., J.P., met the General, who was accompanied by the Chief of the Staff, and in a few cordial words welcomed him to Folkestone.

"Aldermen and Councillors, preceded by the mace, hurried to the platform, and here the Mayor briefly, but cordially, introduced the General to the vast audience, proclaiming him to be in the best and highest sense 'a man of the world.'

"The General delivered an animated, but naturally much shortened address, which was broken in upon by frequent rounds of ringing applause.

"Forming a procession, and with the Folkestone brass band in a four-in-hand, the General's car coming last, the motor train left for Dover."

(Daily Chronicle extract.)

"The General's entry into Dover soon after sunset was triumphal in its character. From the environs to the Town Hall the line of route was lined with eager humanity, while in the Prioryroad triangle, outside the Salvation Army barracks, the cheering throng was so dense that progress to the Town Hall seemed well nigh impossible.

"The General essayed again and again to speak, but not a word could be heard, so at last he kissed his hand to the host of admirers, laughing like a delighted grandchild among his

flock at a Christmas party. Then slowly, and with immense difficulty, the short distance to the Town Hall was passed. Here an enthusiastic meeting was held."

(Daily News.)

On the Town Hall steps stood the Deputy-Mayor and his colleagues, gorgeous with the symbols of municipal responsibility, and they conducted the General to a great expectant meeting. He delivered a stirring address, full of vigor and autobiography. 'No one,' he cried, joyously, 'has more hearts turned to him in sympathy and prayer than the General.' Here are other bright things he threw out: 'I am easy to understand if you don't look at me with a jaundiced eye.' 'Sixty years ago I was a wild, impulsive, and mischievous youth, and God made me think what a fool I was.' 'I preach, my children preach, my grandchildren preach—the whole blessed crew preach.'

SECOND DAY.

(War Cry.)

"A smart run, and Deal was reached. Here a repetition was rendered the General in the open Market Place, Mayor Hayward, on behalf of colleagues and citizens, congratulating him on his safe return and wishing him God-speed.

"From an improvised platform the General spoke with vigor, and the Doxology was sung with fervor, visitors in the windows of the 'Mermaid Inn' joining.

"The route now lay through well-hilled fields, where the harvesting had already commenced.

"At Sandwich a short halt was made, as the Mayor and E. Joyce, Esq., gave the General welcome in front of the Town Hall.

"Past Pegwell Bay the cars rushed for Ramsgate, which was reached practically on schedule time.

Holiday at Ramsgate.

"At the outskirts of the town two mounted police took charge of the party, and the General's car falling in the rear, was preceded by the local band in a four-in-hand, and thus the place was entered in triumph.

"Down High Street the police led the way, the crowds increasing to the point of congestion. At the Army hall, where the juniors shrilly shouted their welcome, a streamer, stretched across the streets, bore the words, 'God bless you, General! Welcome to Ramsgate.' It was a holiday crowd, joyous, breezy, enthusiastic. Toward the harbor the crowds grew more dense, and on the ships the sailors scrambled up the rigging and cheered the General as he passed.

"The theatre, filled with a cosmopolitan crowd, including titled personages, presented a striking spectacle, as the Mayor, in his chain of office, and followed by the General and the Chief, moved toward the front of the platform.

"His Worship expressed unbounded admiration for the General's life and labors, and for the work of the great organization over which he in God's good providence, still presided; an organization which, he ventured to say, had done more for humanity than any other during the same length of time.

"Acknowledging the Mayor's kindly sentiments regarding himself and his work, the General powerfully vindicated the existence of the Army, pointed to the work accomplished, and asked for the cordial assistance of all to carry forward the great projects he has in hand, and which could not but be helpful to the human race, in every country and in every time.

"The audience were visibly affected; but, as the Chief of Police said afterwards, 'No one could help being touched by stories such as the General tells.'"

(Daily News.)

"After a short run from Ramsgate we came upon a picturesque concourse beside a group of hay stacks, situated between two corn-fields. Near Minster the aged inmates of the workhouse had assembled, the red-clawed dames and decrepit old fellows standing in docile expectation amid several hundred villagers. The cars halted, and the General made one more speech. Addressing the villagers first, he said: 'I lead holy lives. Do all the good you can.' Then turning to the aged paupers, he told them how he was working to take the young, able-bodied people from the depressing inaction of pauperism. 'I've got my eyes on the workhouses,' he said, 'and I hope to do something for them.' The old people greatly enjoyed a solo sung by the Army vocalist, Colonel Welcley.

Canterbury's Welcome.

"Anon, on the cars showing, the General had a new experience. From one of the cottages tottered one old woman after another, each bent on shaking the General by the hand, a proceeding to which he willingly became a party. A little later we reached Canterbury, which presented another astonishing scene of thronged streets canopied with flags. The Guildhall had lavishly decked its frontage with flowers, and the Mayor received the visitors with all civic ceremony. A great meeting in the Theatre Royal was presided over by Mr. Henniker Heaton, M.P., and among the occupants of the platform was the Liberal candidate, Mr. W. J. Fisher. Mr. Heaton's speech opened impressively. 'I have to apologize,' he said, 'for the indifference with which, General Booth, we have treated your work in past years. For the future, sir, we promise to make amends.' At this the old General sprang up and warmly shook the speaker's hand, and later, when he himself came to speak, this was his effective commentary: 'At last, then, the Legislature has awakened to a sympathetic appreciation of the work of the Army. I hope it will act in harmony with its recent discovery.' From Canterbury we have journeyed through dense assemblies to this town, where another enthusiastic meeting has taken place. The General is physically a marvel to endure it all."

Faversham and Sittingbourne were included in the program ere the day's journeys ended, in each of which the General spoke to delighted crowds.

THIRD DAY.

(The War Cry.)

"At nine o'clock rain fell heavily, and the sky was overcast.

"The General and Chief climbed into the big white car, and the 'train' headed toward Maidstone and Tonbridge.

"On the way to Maidstone a pretty little incident occurred. As the General's car passed a very beautiful residence a lady and her children threw, with unerring aim, bunches of beautiful roses into the carriage.

"The country was dripping, the roads reeking with mud; but motor cars care little for mud or water, and they splashed merrily along.

"To the left lay a magnificent valley, dotted with farm-houses, standing corn, and fruitful crops. We dropped down a hundred feet, and then into Maidstone.

"Under an awning, screening the platform from the rain, the Mayor and his colleagues of the Council presented their address, and the General, cordially reciprocating the kindly sentiments, spoke for some moments to an umbrella-sheltered crowd. Many stood the whole time in the rain, and the windows surrounding the Market Square were filled with interested spectators.

"To three rousing British cheers the General passed on.

"Groups of school children, with their lovely, fresh young voices, cried their welcomes; housewives rushed to the doors, brooms in hand; Hodge stood bare-headed

(Continued on page 12.)

Colonel Peart, The American Chief Secretary.

Of English birth, William Peart sailed for the Land of the Southern Cross at seven years of age, thenceforth making it the country of his adoption. Blessed with godly parents, he was converted in tender years, and learned the value of the prayer life so thoroughly that, like Daniel, his daily devotions were performed with open windows in audible voice, thereby attracting a group of listeners on the footpath below. This prayerful spirit likewise fostered an intense love for the Word of God, and young Peart became a diligent student of its precious pages.

In January, 1885, his career widened into the promising avenues of Salvation Army officership. He had no doubt whatever about his call, and by persistent application was determined to make his election an established fact also.

Just one month of Training Home studies was all that could be granted the new Cadet ere he was sent forth to fill the post of assistant at a Divisional Office.

Some one in after days, criticizing those early labors of uninteresting, monotonous columns of ledger records, says:

"What did I find? Just what I expected—evidence of thoroughness, care, and capacity for taking pains."

From one Divisional Office to another, the youthful officer rose through respective ranks by dint of hard work, plod, conscientious and constant application, gaining favor with God and man.

His marriage with Capt'n Hattie Butler was celebrated in 1888, at Adelaide, and the following year he attained Majority in the Divisional War Office at Brisbane, twelve months later being gazetted as Colony Secretary for New South Wales. In '91 he distinguished himself particularly by splendid advances on Social lines, including developments of Prison Gate and Rescue Work, in addition to the ever increasing and important Field work.

After the Queensland appointment came a particularly trying season at the Colony War Office in Victoria, N. S. W. The finances of the Colony were in the throes of an awful struggle verging on bankruptcy, and naturally the Salvation Army rank and file were seriously affected. Eighty thousand persons left Melbourne during his first year and a half there. Amid the stress and discouragements of that period Major Peart moved in and out amongst his officers with hope, cheer, courage, and brotherliness, being in return beloved by all.

In 1897, at the General's command (having passed from Brigadiership to a Colonelcy) Colonel Peart became Chief Secretary for Australasia, which office he has successfully filled for the past eight years. He has made time for a vast amount of platform and corps work, in addition to the administration and responsibility of Chief Secretaryship of so large and important a command as the Australian Commonwealth represents.

The Melbourne Cry thus sums up its review of Colonel Peart's career:

"In a word, our departing Chief Secretary is, in its broadest reading, a sterling Salvationist, and a shrewd and careful administrator, ever displaying broad-mindedness and deep devotion to duty."

According to Commissioner Kilbey, who speaks after eight years' close acquaintance, Colonel Peart may be described in character as godly, noble, righteous, tactful, true and approachable; in business keen, sagacious and firm; as a Salvationist typical in loyalty, brave, a hard and dashing worker; on the platform, earnest, original, interesting and fiery; loves souls and goes straight for winning them to God.

Mrs. Peart is a consecrated and devoted woman, and a thorough Salvationist.

With such Chief Secretaries across the border, it only remains for the Canadian Field to congratulate the Commander and her brave forces, and to pray that a glorious future of blessed achievements in soul-winning and blood-and-fire soldier-making may be realized as the days go by.



Colonel Peart, Chief Secretary for the United States.

THE SALVATION ARMY WESTERN AUSTRALIA SETTLEMENT.

(Extract from the London Times.)

The Hon. Walter Jones, K. C., Agent-General for Western Australia, stated on Monday that the land for the new colony which General Booth proposes to found in Western Australia has been granted by the Government of that State in an ordinary business way. The area of the land is 20,000 acres, partly timbered and all well watered—in fact the Collic River runs through it. It is situated in the south-western district, about fifty miles inland from Bunbury. The land has railway communication, is near the Collic coalfield, and is in other ways admirably suited for colonization purposes. It has been taken up under what is known as "conditional purchase." The land is valued at about 8s. per acre, the payment for which may be spread over twenty years, but the pur-

chaser is not allowed to let the land lie idle. He must make improvements, such as fencing and clearing and building an habitation within ten years of the date of purchase. The improvements must be equal to 5s. per acre, which would amount to £5,000 for the whole 20,000 acres. Of course General Booth contemplates spending much more than that, and the probability is that when his colonization scheme is complete the new settlement will have provided homes for hundreds of settlers. Among other advantages pointed out by Mr. James is that this is a land of promise for single women, as there are only 100 women to every 150 men.

FRANCE.

The Prince and the Duel.

One of our recent converts in Paris is a Corsican. His name is Pietri. Lieut.-Colonel Peyron saw this man one Sunday afternoon at the Rue Auber, spoke to him, and urged him to attend the night meeting in another Paris corps—the Bastille. There he came out to the penitent form and got truly converted.

Now—a month afterwards—Pietri keeps the door, fishes in the meetings, and does all he can to help others. He constantly wears a little "S" on his collar when at work. A few days ago he met in the street a prince who was quite intoxicated. The prince caught sight of the little "S," and stopped.

"What is that?" he asked, pointing to it.

"Saved! Salvation!" answered Pietri, with a smile.

"But saved from what?" was the next question.

"From sin."

"From sin!" exclaimed the man, in half-drunken despair.

"Why, that is what I want. That is what I have been seeking for years."

Pietri at once dragged the prince into a cab and carried him off to Headquarters, where he introduced him to one of the officers. The man wept, prayed, and confessed the life of sin which he had been living.

"I want to be different," he said, "but I am engaged to fight a duel. I feel this is wrong. What shall I do?"

"I will go and see your friend," said the officer, promptly. "I am pretty sure I can arrange matters."

The prince gave the officer his name, and the Salvationist then went off and settled the whole affair to the satisfaction of both parties.

OUTLAY ON MUSIC.

(Toronto Evening Telegram, Aug. 14th.)

The instruments the Salvation Army bandmen in Great Britain use, if put at an average present value of £5, are estimated at £36,365. The music for each man, to be complete, costs £1 14s. 5d., and the cost of the pouches in which to carry a usable quantity of music, if put as low as 5s. each, means an outlay of £4,315. The Army's band property, taking into account the instruments, the music, the pouches, etc., represent about £100,000.

Man and woman are king and queen of Nature. When both reign in unity, their sovereignty is complete, their humanity is divine, because an adequate dwelling and throne for God.—John Pulsford (Morgenthau).

HOW SUGAR IS MADE.

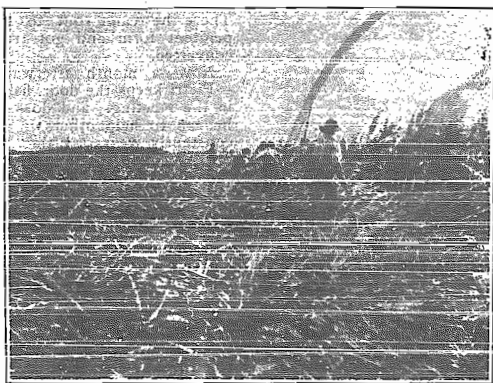
A Visit to a Cane-Sugar Mill on the Hawaiian Islands.

By. Adj. Winter.

Many of our readers who have heard of the large cane-sugar plantations on the Hawaiian Islands would no doubt be pleased and interested to pay a visit to one of the mills where the juice is made into sugar. But before we visit this mill at Elele, on the Island of Kauai, I wish to say that there are forty-eight sugar mills on the four different Islands, turning out something like 350,000 tons of sugar every season.

To bring the cane from the fields to the mills, where we will follow it through the different stages until it is made into sugar, requires a lot of labor. Sometimes before the fields can be planted with cane, large blocks of lava and rocks must be removed—these islands are only volcanic eruptions—then plowed with great steam plows. After planting, the cane must be irrigated (watered), cultivated, stripped, and after eighteen months' growth it is ready to cut and haul to the mill by railroad, or ox-team, etc. We will follow it, thanking Mr. K. W. Kinney, the assistant sugar boiler, for explanations.

The cane is unloaded from the cars by a special machine for the purpose. Here it is pulled on to the carrier, which takes it down through the first set of rollers which are to squeeze out the juice.



Cutting Sugar Cane on the Hawaiian Islands.

Before passing through these rollers, the cane is put through a kind of sheet-iron box with revolving knives, cutting it into small pieces. It is sometimes from ten to fifteen feet long. As it passes through the first set of rollers, and before going through the second set, a flowing stream of white liquid is run on the cane, and saturates it. This white liquid is called "milk of lime," and is used to neutralize the acid in the juice. In other words, the lime is used to keep the juice from turning sour. To turn sour means allowing sugar capable of crystallization to turn into glucose, or sugar incapable of crystallization.

Passing through the second set of rollers, hot water is added in a flowing stream. Passing through the third set, the squeezed out and now sugarless cane is called trash, which is taken by steam carriers to the boiler room in another part of the mill and used as fuel.

The juice squeezed from the cane as it passes through the three sets of rollers is caught in a trough and run into a tank called a container, from which it is pumped up through a heater into the clarifying tanks and heated to the boiling point, 212 degrees. In the clarifiers the mud and other impurities come to the top, the clear juice is drawn from the bottom of the clarifier into the settling tank below. From the settling tanks it is drawn into two sets of triple effects, or evaporators. In the evaporators the juice is concentrated to about thirty degrees. From the evaporators it is pumped up into the final settling tanks, in which it is boiled to a thick paste, then let down into the mixers.

From the mixers it passes into the centrifugal machines, revolving from 1,200 to 1,400 revolutions per minute. These dry the sugar. In the centrifugal machines the crystals are retained, while the molasses is run into tanks, and later on boiled over for second quality sugar.

When the first quality sugar leaves the centrifugals, it is carried through a combination of carriers in order to allow the air to circulate through all the particles before being finally deposited in the sugar room, where it is bagged, and is then ready for the market or refinery in San Francisco, New York, or Philadelphia.

But we have only visited a brown sugar mill. In order to make the sugar white it is taken to the refineries, where it is melted in large vats, filtered with charcoal and chemicals, then boiled once over put through the centrifugal machines and dried, when it is finally ready for market as white sugar. If these different processes, or by the use of

sugar, sour dispositions could be made sweet, and black, sinful hearts be made white and good, extra work would be found for the refineries and sugar mills. We know, of course, that this cannot be done by these means. We shall use the sugar for tea, coffee, etc., and tell people with black, sinful hearts and sour dispositions that there is a remedy for them—ev'n the precious blood of Jesus.

I must now bid you "Aloha," and hope that you enjoyed your visit through the sugar mill. God bless you!

CIGARETTES OR SUCCESS.

A school journal devoted to physiology tells of a boy who wished to be a doctor. His uncle, who was an eminent surgeon, said to him:

"If you want to be a successful specialist in surgery, you will have to give up your baseball, for it is hardening and stiffening your hands, and destroying the delicate touch you will need in surgery."

The boy who would rather play a game of ball than eat his dinner any day, decided that to be a great surgeon was better than to be a good ball-player, and he gave up the good for the best.

Not every boy would be compelled to make such a choice, but the choice comes in other ways. With hundreds of boys it is between cigarettes and success. School work in physiology shows boys that whatever enjoyment a boy may get out of sucking narcotic fumes from a paper tube, he has to pay for it in future failures in business, when he rubs against the boy or man whose brain is clear and whose heart is not weakened by the cigarette.—Junior Christian Endeavor World.

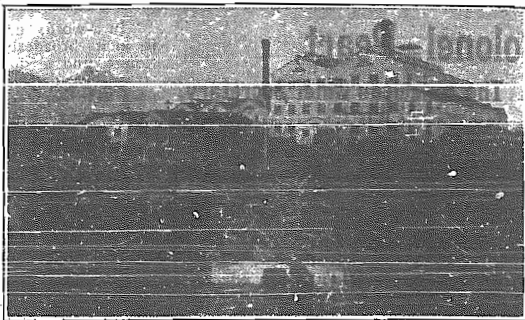
THE TOOTH-BRUSH TREE.

(From the Chicago Chronicle.)

The tooth-brush was brown, brown alike in handle and bristles, and its shape was uncouth.

"It is a home-made article," said its owner. "It grew on a little tree, a tooth-brush tree. They have a tooth-brush tree in Jamaica. As we go out and pluck a peach or a pear, so the Jamaican goes out and plucks a tooth-brush."

"Literally, of course, he doesn't pluck a tooth-brush. He cuts off a twig and reveals out one end into bristles. The wood, you see, is somewhat saponaceous, like slippery elm, and it has an aro-



Puunana Sugar Mill, Island of Mani (Hawaiian Group).

matic flavor, like dentifrice. It makes a tooth-brush of good quality.

"The bark of this singular tree is often ground into tooth-powder. Here is a box of the ground bark. It smells good, doesn't it? Though it makes no lather, it keeps the teeth very white."

"Jamaica is undoubtedly the only country in the world where you can go out and pick, not only your tooth-brush, but your dentifrice, from a tree."

A PRINTER'S EPITAPH.

The following is the curious epitaph composed by Dr. Benjamin Franklin, the celebrated American author and printer, for his own tomb:

"The body of Benjamin Franklin, Printer, like the cover of an old book, its contents worn out, and strip of its lettering and gilding, lies here, food for the worms. Yet the work itself shall not be lost, for it shall, as he believes, appear once more in a new and more beautiful edition, corrected and amended by the Author."

It certainly is a curiosity, but the idea is not unlike that in a verse which was published a century and a-half before Franklin's time:—

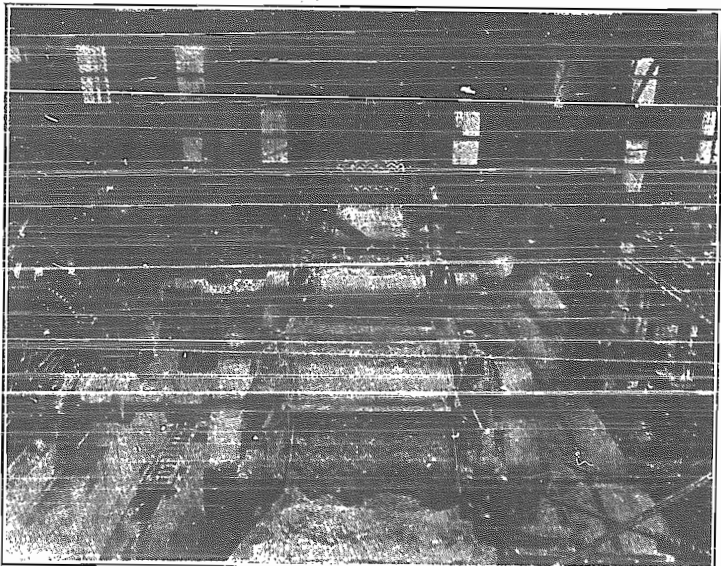
"The world's a printing-house, our words are thoughts,

Our deeds are characters of several sizes; Each soul's a compositor, of whose faults The Levites are correctors, and Heaven revises: Earth is the common press, from which being driven

We're gathered sheet by sheet, and bound for Heaven."

MANY WHITE ROBINS IN MICHIGAN.

White robins, a large number of which have been seen in southern Michigan during the past few weeks, have attracted considerable attention. The birds have only a small red spot on the breast. With the exception of the light feathers, they resemble the native species in every way.—Surgis Journal.



Interior of Sugar Mill, showing Sugar Cane passing in on the Carrier and down through Crusher and Three Sets of Rollers.

The HIGHWAY to HOLINESS

HOW TO OBTAIN HOLINESS.

By Lieut.-Colonel S. L. Brengle.

Must See the Need.

We must first see our need of this great blessing, and to see our need we must be clearly justified. No sinner has his spiritual eyes open to see the need of a clean heart; he is blind to these things. He may have dreadful hatred in his heart, but so long as he restrains himself, and does the person he hates no harm, he thinks he is a very good sort of a fellow. He cannot see that in the eyes of God he is a murderer, for does not God say: "Whosoever hateth his brother is a murderer"? (1 John iii. 15). He may have lust in his heart, but so long as he does not commit open sin, he flatters himself that he is quite respectable in God's sight.

The first thing, then, is to be well saved, and so fully in the light of God's smile that we can see our need of cleansing.

Don't Bury Live Things.

In the second place we must not try to hide the need, but frankly confess it. Let me ask you, do you know that you are saved? You say, "Oh, yes, I know that I have given my heart to God, and I feel that my sins have been forgiven, and my life has been changed, and I feel that I am saved just now."

Good, but do you know that your heart is clean? Are all the roots of bitterness gone? Do you bear patiently the faults of others? Do you bear meekly, and with a forgiving spirit, the unkindness of others? Do you love God with all your heart and soul and mind, and your neighbor as yourself? Do you feel that all malice and pride, and jealousy and envy, and evil desire, and unholiness and unbelief, and all foolish things have been taken out of your heart, and that the Holy Spirit has His own way in you all the while?

Remember that holiness has to do with the heart, and that, as Solomon says, "Out of the heart are the issues of life." It is at the heart that Jesus looks, and He says, "Blessed are the pure in heart."

Now, if your heart is not clean do not be afraid or ashamed to say so, but frankly tell your Heavenly Father the whole truth about the matter.

It is for You.

The next thing is to believe that the blessing is for you. Of course, if you do not believe that you can be cleansed from envy and jealousy, and quick temper and all sin, and be kept pure and good all the time, you will not seek for it.

Satan will surely do all he can to discourage you, and make you doubt the possibility of holiness for yourself. He will tell you that it is for other people, but not for you. Our Heavenly Father "maketh the sun to rise on the evil and the good, and sendeth rain on the just and on the unjust." He is no respecter of persons, and He offers His full salvation to all who will take it.

Satan will tell you that your disposition is so peculiar, or your circumstances at home, or in the shop, or mine, or mill, are so disagreeable that you cannot hope to be holy.

Your disposition may be peculiar, but God will take all the sin out of it, so that where it is now peculiarly impatient and jealous, and envious and lustful, and bad, it will be peculiarly good and patient, and loving and generous, and humble and chaste. A highly-strung, quick-tempered girl got sanctified, and it made her gentle like Jesus. A proud, ambitious young fellow whom I know got a clean heart, and he was made humble and

self-sacrificing, until his friends hardly knew him.

About Circumstances.

As for your circumstances, holiness will make you their master instead of their servant. The other day I wanted a hole in the hard rubber cap of the fountain-pen with which I am writing these words, so I heated a pin, and burned a hole right through. If the pin had been cold, I should probably have broken either the pin or the cap, and should certainly have failed to make that hole. Holiness will make you hot enough to burn your way through your circumstances.

Satan may tell you that you have failed so often that God will not now give you the blessing. That is untrue. Don't believe it. "God is love." He knows all about your failures, and pities you, and loves you still, and wants to give you the blessing far more than you want to receive it.

Peter failed again and again during the three years he was with Jesus, and finally there was an awful failure during that sad hour when he cursed and swore that he did not know Jesus; but in spite of it all, Jesus loved him, and within a few weeks of that time Peter got the blessing, and we find him helping to win 3,000 souls in a single day.

Don't Believe the Devil.

Again, Satan may tell you that if you do get the blessing, people will not believe that you have it. Well, suppose they do not, what then? Will you refuse to believe God because people will not believe you? If you get the blessing, and live in the joy and sweetness, and power and glory of it, they will have to believe you sooner or later, just as people have to believe there is fire in the stove when they feel it.

To get the blessing, you must resist the devil, and believe that it is for you.

You must believe that it is for you now. It is astonishing how sinners wish to put off the time of salvation, and it is even more astonishing how saved people put off seeking a clean heart until some other time. The devil and their evil hearts of unbelief keep saying, "Some time, but not just now." But the Lord in mercy keeps whispering, "Behold, now is the accepted time. Behold, now is the day of salvation." "To-day, if ye hear His voice, harden not your hearts." Nothing grieves the Holy Spirit and burdens the heart like this delay of unbelief.

Take it—the Biggest Blessing this Side of Heaven.

The next thing to do is to come to Jesus for the blessing, with a true heart, holding back nothing, but giving your all to Him for time and eternity, that He may give His all to you. At this point there must be no hypocrisy, no double-dealing, no half-heartedness, no holding back part of the price. The dear Lord offers us the biggest blessing this side of heaven. He offers us perfect cleansing from sin, perfect victory over the devil, and the Holy Spirit to dwell in our clean hearts to teach and guide and comfort us; but in exchange he asks us to give Him our little all.

How infinitely and hopelessly foolish shall we be if we are so selfish or fearful or unbelieving as to refuse! It is as though a king should offer a poor beggar garments of velvet and gold in exchange for dirt, and a glorious palace in place of a cellar or garret. How foolish would the beggar be who should insist on keeping a few of his rags, a little handful

of his dirt, and the privilege of going back to the cellar now and again, until the king finally withdrew all the splendid things he had offered. And yet so foolish, and more so, are they who try to get this blessing from God, while refusing to consecrate their all and obey Him fully.

The Lord's word to us on this point is: "Bring ye all the tithes into the storehouse, that there may be meat in Mine house; and prove Me now herewith, saith the Lord of Hosts, if I will not open the windows of heaven, and pour you out a blessing that there shall not be room enough to receive it."

"WITHOUT ME YE CAN DO NOTHING."

He meant you should have conversed with Him continually about everything you undertook, and everything you care about, and should have been always conscious of His sympathy and oversight and working. But, instead of that, you talked only to man, and sought his sympathy, advice and help.

He meant you should have asked God's counsel regarding your financial difficulty. He would have arranged it all; but you only asked your lawyer, and it turned out badly.

He meant you should have conferred with Him concerning your anxious feelings for loved ones, and He would have dispelled all fears, but you only consulted your friends, and the matter grew worse and worse.

He meant you should have asked Him about that doctrine which you could not understand; but you went to books to get it explained, and became more confused than before. God would have satisfied you, through the Holy Ghost, the great teacher.

He meant you should have confessed to Him that secret sin, and He would have forgiven and cleansed you; but you confessed it to your bosom friend, and it torments you to this hour.

He would have been your Counsellor about the profession you chose, the situation you sought, the servant you engaged, the books you read, the friendships you formed; but you chose to confer with flesh and blood, and all has failed.—Jamaican War Cry.

SEEKING A SIGN.

Dick was a good soldier, but he always clung to the idea that he would never be able to enter the Training Home. For one thing, he imagined he was too old. He had not been saved long, and was reading the Bible right through. He had just come up to the narrative of Gideon's victory, when he was asked by the Captain to lead the knee-drill.

"Now," thought Dick, "I'll ask a sign from God, like Gideon did. If He gives me a soul at knee-drill, and the attendance is doubled, then I shall know He wants me to apply for the work."

Sunday came, and sure enough quite double the usual number of people were present, and one soul sought salvation. Before long Dick was an accepted Candidate.

What makes life dreary is the want of motive.

"If every one would be only half as good as he expects his neighbor to be, what a heaven this world would be."

THE CANDIDATES' RESOLVE.

Lord, Thou art now revealing Thy will for me, As Thy Word is showing what I ought to be, And the path of duty I can plainly see—
Thine to be, and Thine alone!

Half my Christian friends I know I'll leave behind—
Such "extreme religion" ne'er will suit their mind, Still I am determined Thou my life shalt find—
Thine to be, and Thine alone!

Now in faith obeying, I put out my hand, Claiming all Thy strength for every new command, Thine for any service, Thine for any land—
Thine to be, and Thine alone!

THE WAR CRY.

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Appointments—

ADJT. HATTIE SCOTT to Winnipeg III.
ADJT. PARSONS to Huntsville.
ENSIGN HOWCROFT to Saskatoon.
ENSIGN RANDALL to Selkirk.
ENSIGN R. CREGO to Edmonton.
ENSIGN STOBES to Winnipeg Provincial Headquarters.
ENSIGN WHITE to Bracebridge.
ENSIGN CULBERT to Sudbury.
ENSIGN LEADLEY to Lindsay.

Promotions and Appointments—

Cadet Marshall to be Pro-Captain at Niagara Falls.
Cadet Leader to be Pro-Lieutenant at Niagara Falls.
Cadet McEachern to be Pro-Lieutenant at Bridge-town, N.S.
Cadet Turner to be Pro-Lieutenant at Newcastle, N.B.
Cadet Lloyd to be Pro-Lieutenant at Gravenhurst, Ont.
Cadet Glanville to be Pro-Lieutenant at Little Current, Ont.
Cadet Peterson to be Pro-Lieutenant at Gore Bay, Ont.
Cadet Gibbons to be Pro-Lieutenant at Orillia, Ont.
Cadet Burkholder to be Pro-Lieutenant at Dauphin, Man.
Cadet Stubbs to be Pro-Lieutenant at Wallaceburg, Ont.
Cadet Herrinton to be Pro-Lieutenant at Palmerston, Ont.
Cadet Sasson to be Pro-Lieutenant at Montreal, Special Work.
Cadet Berlis to be Pro-Captain at Millbrook, Ont.
Cadet Horton to be Pro-Lieutenant at Millbrook, Ont.
Cadet Weir to be Pro-Lieutenant on Training Home Staff.
Cadet Church to be Pro-Lieutenant at Territorial Headquarters.
Cadet Winchester to be Pro-Lieutenant, on furlough.
Cadet Wright to be Pro-Lieutenant, T. H. Supply.
Cadet Lizzie Dawe to be Pro-Lieutenant at Portage in Prairie, Man.
Cadet Laura Elliott to be Pro-Lieutenant at Regina, N.W.T.
Cadet Dillabaugh to be Pro-Lieutenant at Winnipeg, Man.
Cadet Clara Mirey to be Pro-Lieutenant at Winnipeg, Man.
Cadet Laura Irwin to be Pro-Lieutenant at Edmonton, N.W.T.
Cadet Hilda Riley to be Pro-Lieutenant at Saskatoon, N.W.T.
Cadet Minnie McLennan to be Pro-Lieutenant at Winnipeg, Man.
Cadet Bessie James to be Pro-Lieutenant at Wetaskewin, N.W.T.
Cadet Pauline Day to be Pro-Lieutenant at St. Stephen, N.B.
Cadet Florence Rowe to be Pro-Lieutenant at Truro, N.S.
Cadet Agnes Andrews to be Pro-Lieutenant at Charlton, N.B.
Cadet Grace Muir to be Pro-Lieutenant at Port Hope, Ont.
Cadet Florence Hayhew to be Pro-Lieutenant at Menford, Ont.
Cadet Annie Pelly to be Pro-Lieutenant at St. John Rescue Home.
Cadet Plidduck to be Pro-Lieutenant in Newfoundland (teacher).
Cadet Walsh to be Pro-Lieutenant in Newfoundland (teacher).
Cadet Bertha Whittier to be Pro-Lieutenant at Sturton Falls.
Cadet Mary Simmons to be Pro-Lieutenant at Trenton, Ont.
Cadet Mary Penn to be Pro-Lieutenant at Kemplville, Ont.
Cadet Desale Wismer to be Pro-Lieutenant at Lis-towel, Ont.
Cadet Laura Dingle to be Pro-Lieutenant at In-verness, C.B.
Cadet Frances Coulthard to be Pro-Lieutenant at Blenheim, Ont.
Cadet Burgess to be Pro-Captain at Dundas, Ont.
Cadet McCaffrey to be Pro-Lieutenant at Dundas, Ont.
Cadet Wear to be Pro-Captain at Yorkville, Ont.
Cadet Heron to be Pro-Lieutenant at Yorkville, Ont.
Cadet Pencock to be Pro-Lieutenant at Training College.
Cadet Gomerley to be Pro-Lieutenant at Owen Sound.

THOS. B. COOMBS,
Commissioner,

The First Meeting I Conducted.

BY THE COMMISSIONER.

How well I remember it!

It was Sunday night and our commanding officer used to appoint one or two soldiers to lead on at the little outpost situated in a new suburb of my native town.

I had been almost dreading my turn to come round, for I was nervous, and yet intensely concerned and anxious to make the most of my chance and the opportunity to win precious souls.

I can recall vividly to-day the awful sense of responsibility toward God and perishing men and women, which drove me to my knees again and again some days prior to the meeting, seeking a direct message from the Spirit Himself, powerful, mighty, and suited to the needs of those who should hear it.

When Sunday came, and I wended my way to the open-air stand, the burden upon my soul was well nigh overwhelming.

I groaned inwardly again and again, and in sheer desperation of faith entreated God to stand by me.

The outdoor meeting passed off fairly well, and the few soldiers and I marched away to the little barracks triumphantly, but to my great disappointment only a few children had gathered for the night's service.

I suppose my face betrayed my feelings, for a dear old motherly soldier came up to me, and putting her hand upon my shoulder, said encouragingly:

"Never mind, go on with your meeting, everything will come all right."

It was true, for while we proceeded a poor, downcast, wretched, undone, deep-dyed woman entered, and listening attentively, drank in thirstily the glad message of salvation.

God's truth was well lodged in her inmost

soul, and soon she knelt at His feet and cried for pardon and mercy.

Here indeed was the answer to my pleadings.

Here also an unmistakable token of God's favor to me, and when I heard her testimony and saw the blessed change even in her countenance my heart was filled with gladness.

For years she continued walking in the narrow way, amid many difficulties, and oftentimes beset with temptation, but thank God, endured to the end, leaving a bright testimony behind.

That meeting was a great blessing to me. How little I then realized that God was preparing me for larger service, in the fact that I was being taught the lesson not to despise the day of small things.

It has been of life value to me, inasmuch as it enabled me to make the best and the most of the opportunities God held out for me to grasp.

Yet another lesson I learned from the above, and that was to carefully seek, before God, the necessary spirit of power and unction, when opportunities were given me to stand before sinners. It was important for me to have the God-given message for the never-dying souls I had to talk to, and to take time to get it. It was not for me to think of myself, nor of my feelings. These were of small import. I must strive to realize that ere they hurried to an unending hell, God had given me another chance to try and save them and one more blessed opportunity to give the message of salvation. As much as I valued my own soul, I must not go before the congregation unprepared, or thoughtless, but be filled with the message and filled with the Spirit, reckoning upon God to back it home.

Editorial.

New Comers for the As this number circulates the Training

College corridors will once more be ringing with earnest "Amen's" and glad "Hallelujahs" of a goodly number of new Cadets, who have at all events cut loose the shore lines, and launched out with the definite object of being trained to become "fishers of men," soul-winners and corps-leaders in our glorious Army.

An Equal Chance The times are for Men and Women, truly advancing, and yet the Army is still

leading the van, having paved the way for a quarter of a century—against the odds of prejudice, conservatism, and other forces—offering to women as well as men the inestimable privileges of co-equal service and usefulness in the Kingdom of God.

Yet how slow some are to avail of the chances, and what a host of vain regrets will have to be reaped by-and-by by the slothful and dilatory, who, although "called," have not been "chosen," though no one is to blame but themselves.

The Commissioner Surely our North- and Chief Secretary Western braves are in the West. highly favored to so

soon receive—with characteristic warm-hearted welcomes—another visit from the Commissioner, accompanied, as he will be, by Mrs. Coombs and Colonel Kyle.

Memories of the past gracious outpourings

of God's Spirit upon the wonderful former series of meetings still linger, and in faith we claim still greater things for the coming battles. Let every lover of souls throughout the Territory, have a share in it by earnest prayer, upholding the Commissioner and the Chief Secretary to our God, who delights to answer by Hre.

The Great Already the coming October Councils councils at Toronto are at Toronto. casting shadows of promise, and giving birth to

no mean anticipation of a downpour of blessing upon all who will be privileged to take part in them. Let no one despond. The far East and West, and even the Sea-Girt Isle are not to be left out. For those to whom Toronto is an impassable distance, the privileges of the Centre are to be extended, and localized so as to bring practically every officer within compass of the series of councils, which will, we doubt not, set the pace for yet greater triumphs in the coming fall and winter campaigns throughout the Territory. Even British Columbia will be provided for. The Commissioner has set himself an herculean task, acting on the principle of the old adage that if the mountain cannot get to Mahomet, Mahomet must get to the mountain!

MAJOR AND MRS. CREIGHTON FAREWELL AT ST. JOHN'S, Nfld.

Although the heat was intense, the farewell meetings on Sunday of Major and Mrs. Creighton at the S. A. Citadel were crowded with success. Ten souls sought salvation. Final send-off in Citadel took place on Tuesday night, Aug. 15th.—Chancellor,

Interview with Colonel Kyle.

On behalf of our large constituency of War Cry readers — whose relish for news is a constant inspiration to its research — we were delighted to find the Colonel willing to undergo the ordeal of an interview and consecrate some portion of his valuable time in giving some details of his long journey from the Southern Seas to our Hemisphere.

"What kind of a voyage did you have, Colonel?" was our opening sally.

"Very pleasant indeed. We did not have one rough day at sea. The great steamer of the Oceanic Line, Somona, behaved splendidly."

"What day did you leave Australia?"

"We left Melbourne on July 8th and traveled nearly 600 miles to Sydney, N.S.W., embarking on the 10th ult. The General was also timed to leave Western Australia for Colombo on the same date, although a delay of one day occurred, which in characteristic energy he used to reach yet another congregation."

"Of whom was your party composed, Colonel, for I understand that there were others besides yourself and family traveling by that boat?"

"Yes, Colonel and Mrs. Peart and family, the New Chief Secretaries for the United States, also Brigadier and Mrs. Glover, appointed as Provincial Officers for Newfoundland, traveled with us, making a party of some fifteen persons, including the children."

"We understood that Lieut.-Colonel Birkenshaw was also on his way to England, at the General's command, and should have journeyed by the same boat?"

"Yes, it was so arranged, but at the last moment it was found necessary to alter the plan, therefore the Colonel accompanied Brigadier Knight to London, traveling by way of the Suez Canal."

"By all accounts, you had some brilliant send-off meetings in Australia, Colonel?"

"Yes; they were on the whole very successful. The final meeting in Melbourne was conducted in what is known as Dr. Bevan's Church, one of the leading churches in the city. In Sydney the meetings were held in the City Temple, which is the leading Army hall there."

"In Auckland, N.Z., the farewell officers' councils and meetings were much enjoyed, and resulted in a great deal of blessing."

"What Pacific Islands did you touch, Colonel?"

"The first stop was made five days' sail from Auckland, at an Island called Pango-Pango, the chief town of which is Tutuila, one of the Samoan group. Here we got a glimpse of the natives in their original simplicity, for they live in huts and follow all the customs of the native races. The missionary who is responsible for the work among them, under the auspices of the London Missionary Society, was just returning by our ship from a six months' furlough. It was most interesting to see the mission boat come alongside the ship and hear the well-dressed, uniformed natives chant their welcome songs. It made us wish that the Salvation Army was fighting here, for the Samoans, we believe, would make good Salvationists. Pango is an American possession and a naval station."

"The next stop was at Honolulu, the chief city of the Hawaiian group. Here we were entertained by Major Milsaps and other officers, who are doing a good work in that town. We visited the Rescue Home and the officers' quarters, and were greatly pleased with all we saw. The Hawaiian Islands are a very difficult field, and it is an astonishing fact that there are seventy or eighty thousand

Japanese at work there also. Some of the officers lead very lonely lives, separated from all their comrades, and enduring many hardships."

"At what point of the mainland did you touch American soil, Colonel?"

"We landed at San Francisco on Monday, July 31st."

"Then you did not come straight through to Toronto?"

"No; the Commissioner kindly consented to our staying on the Pacific Coast for the opening meetings of the Pacific Grove Camp."

"By whom were they conducted?"

"I conducted the Sunday's meetings, assisted by Mrs. Kyle and Brigadier and Mrs. Glover."

"And where is Pacific Grove situated, Colonel?"

"It is a small place south of San Francisco — one of the beauty spots of beautiful California."

"Did many people attend those meetings?"

"Yes; at least 1,500 persons crowded into the tent at night, and the results were evidences of the presence of the Holy Spirit even from the beginning, auguring well for what we have no doubt will prove to have been a very blessed series of engagements."

"By which route did you cross the continent, Colonel?"



Colonel Kyle, Our New Chief Secretary.

"We came over what is known as the Real Grand Railway, across the Rocky Mountains, through the Royal Gorge and the Eagle River Canyon. The scenery was very beautiful, although I am told that it is not equal to the glories of the Kicking Horse Pass and other scenes on the great Canadian Pacific line."

"Did you call at any American cities, Colonel?"

"Yes; we crossed from Pueblo in Colorado to Kansas City by the Missouri Pacific, and thence to Chicago by the Milwaukee & St. Paul Railroad, through some beautiful scenery."

"How did Chicago strike you?"

"It was rather a disappointment. It may be we did not see anything of the better part of the city. It was also a very wet day, and on the whole dismal. The city certainly struck us as being full of American hustle. The noise and clatter of the vehicular traffic grumbling over the cobble stones being at times almost deafening."

"Did you see anything of the Army, Colonel?"

"Yes; we were entertained by the Territorial Staff, and shown over Commissioner Klibey's Headquarters, which was very interesting."

"How did you travel to Toronto, Colonel?"

"We came by the Grand Trunk, and landed in the city Monday morning, Aug. 14th."

"You would, no doubt, be charmed with the beauties of Toronto?"

"Well, unfortunately we arrived in an abnormal deluge of rain, a torrential down-pour, which soaked the ground and caused floods in the streets. Such a reception was not anticipated."

"Yes, it was a very remarkable storm indeed, we are forced to admit."

"Well, in the spirit of true Salvationistic adaptation, we accept it as an emblem of the down-pour of blessing which we hope and pray will be poured down upon the Dominion in the coming days."

"What do you think of Toronto, now you have seen it under better conditions, Colonel, we ventured to ask."

"I think it is at least one of the most beautiful cities I have ever seen—in fact, we are charmed with it."

"Had you formed any opinion before you arrived, Colonel?"

"Oh, yes; I had been well coached by such well-known Canadians as Major McMillan, Major J. J. Glover and his wife (who was known in the early days as Capt. Beckie Holtham). They sang the praises of Toronto as a veritable paradise; so we were full of expectation."

"And what do you think of the people, Colonel?"

"It is too early to say very much. We have been received with the utmost kindness and consideration by everyone, and although we have only been in the country three or four days, we already feel quite at home."

"How many have you in family, Colonel?"

"We have three children—Phyllis, Howard, and Ivy. They are real cosmopolitans—one was born in England, one in Wales, and Ivy is a native of the Golden West, born in California."

"Can you give me something of your career?"

"Well I am afraid it would be a little too much to add any particulars of my Army experience to this rather long interview, but I will be glad to give you something on that line in some future issue. I would, however, like to say that we have come to Canada with a good experience of salvation."

"My wife and I have both been converted over twenty-eight years, and have a clear testimony to-day to the saving power of the Lord Jesus Christ."

"We are pleased with the privileges and opportunities which are afforded us in coming to Canada to help dear Commissioner Coombs and our comrades, and to push the war, and we believe that God will give us much blessing in our new command."

"We have heard a great deal of Canada, and the blood-and-fire warriors who have fought so many brave battles in the past, and we are delighted to be in this country."

At this point the interviewer noticed a furtive glance from the Colonel to his desk, and in deference to the stack of papers doubtless awaiting his attention from other sides of the war wisely felt it was time to salute and retire.

PERSONALIA.

The South African Territory has furnished three tried Staff Officers for the vast U. S. A. battlefield. Major and Mrs. Jordan, the former being one of the General's early "preachers from the pubs," was saved and joined the S. A. in 1876, and has had a varied experience since that day.

Staff-Capt. McEwan was accepted for officership in 1887, from Scotland, and has served in the field, in Garrison work, on special duty in connection with refugee camps and hospitals, as well as being Secretary for Young People's Work and Naval and Military League at the Cape Town Headquarters. Her services will therefore be also an acquisition to the Land of the Stars and Stripes.

FIELD BULLETINS

MONTREAL NOTES.

Stirring Times at Montreal.

Lieut.-Colonel Duggins, the champion of the Prison Gate Work, visited Montreal on Aug. 9th, and conducted a special meeting. All the city forces were united to hear him.

As the Chancellor introduced the Colonel loud applause greeted him from the happy and enthusiastic congregation. He gave a lecture on Prison Gate Work, Police Court, and Enquiry, setting forth the origin of this wonderful work and its progress. "To-day," he said, "my work is reaching a climax. The Almighty God is smiling upon me." He also gave us some figures. Songs were sung by Ensign Sheard and the speaker himself. After a selection from the band the Colonel started to inflict the final blow on the foe, speaking a few words of blood-and-fire salvation. The result was one soul forward for the blessing of sanctification. I personally could not help admiring his great spirit of revivification and hunger for souls. We all expressed to him hopes for a second visit to this wonderful city of Montreal. God bless the Colonel.

Another treat for No. 1. was a visit from Brigadier Southall and his wife. The result was that three souls came forward to the penitent form.

Montreal II. also had the privilege of Brigadier Southall's presence on Sunday afternoon. At night one precious soul was saved, and that a good case. Saturday, a rousing open-air in the front of the devil's soup-kitchen. Good audience and finances.

Montreal IV. received seven victims for the week. The subject for Sunday night was, "The Murderer's Confession." The hall was crowded and collections good.

The building is making headway. The stone and brick work will soon be completed, when Ensign Freeman will be able to rush the carpenter's work.

We are paving the way for the Italian mission in the most gratifying way.

Officers' outing will take place shortly, if weather allows. Brigadier Turner and Staff-Capt. Moore are enjoying their ruriough. Capt. Patterson has returned refreshed.

YUKON NEWS.

We understand that Capt. Dunlop has fared well orders, and will shortly leave for "the outside." The Captain had his leg nearly cut off with a wood saw a few weeks ago, and is just able to be around with the use of crutches, although it will be weeks, and perhaps months, before he can again use his foot as he once did. Capt. Dunlop has proved himself to be a thorough man, and is held in very high estimation by all who know him. His work here has been earnest, and he will not be forgotten by those who have learned his worth.

We have just had a beautiful visit from Brigadier Smeaton and Capt. Parker. They came down upon us, rather suddenly, but found the Army at both posts fully alive. At Dawson they were met by Adj. Cummins, in his shirt-sleeves, and sent them to the D. O. quarters, where they were entertained right royally. A number of the soldiers were at the boat, and they soon vanished to spread the news of the arrival.

The Dawson corps had one day and a half to get ready for its cinematograph service. St. Andrews Church was readily loaned for the occasion, and so satisfactory was the service that there was a general clamor to have it repeated at the Auditorium. Much as the visitors would have liked to stay, the fact remained that the King's business requires haste, so after a thorough inspection of the work by the Brigadier, our friends passed on to Bonanza.

At the Forks were Cants. Andrew and Pease all ready to receive the guests of the hour. The ladies had been traveling up and down the creeks announcing the "moving picture service." Thirteen hours of traveling, on only one mule, will give you to understand how it was that with only two days

HOW NEWFOUNDLAND SALVATIONISTS AND FRIENDS SPEND THEIR HOLIDAY

"Regatta Day" is made a great deal of by St. John's, Newfoundland. This year it was celebrated on August 3rd. The Salvation Army was well to the front with a "Field Day," and very many hundreds of Salvationists and friends made their way to pleasant places outside the city to enjoy themselves and lib in the most delightful company, amidst conditions that were par excellence.

This year Adj. Williams and his worthy helpers made every arrangement for an exceedingly large crowd to spend "Regatta Day" with the Army, and verily a multitude responded to his invitation.

Capt. Jones, of St. John's II., was not one whit behind either, and assembled another throng of Salvationists and friends elsewhere.

notice these officers were able to greet their visitors with an audience much too large for the Presbyterian Church of that city. The service again was a splendid success, and everybody was loud in their praise of the Brigadier's clear explanations and Capt. Parker's magnificent management of the cinematograph. Both officers endeared themselves to the people by their kindness and genuine Christian earnestness. We shall all be glad to have them visit us again.—Bro. W. G. Mahon.

BELLEVEILLE.

We had a good day Sunday. God came very near in the holiness meeting, and we all felt the need more than ever of consecrating ourselves to His service. In the afternoon God's presence was with us, and although we saw no visible results, we believe there was a work done in the hearts of the people. The night meeting was the crowning time when three precious souls knelt at the cross and claimed pardon through the blood of Jesus. We closed with a beautiful wind up, feeling more than ever determined to do our best for God and souls.—Mary Gibson, Capt.

BLACK ISLAND.

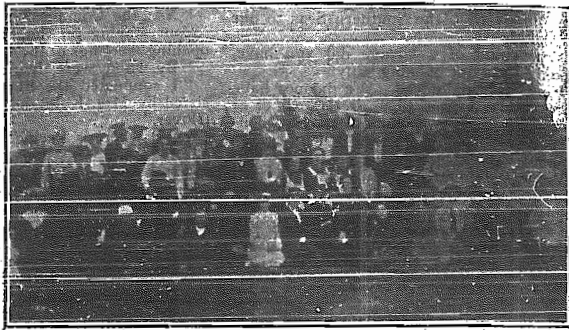
A Short Stay.

Winsor came to help in our midst. He was a help and blessing to us whilst here. On July 11th he went to spend a week at his outpost, Samson's Island, and on Friday, whilst visiting, was taken very sick. At times we knew not what to think of his state; but God, who doeth all things well, left His healing hand upon him in some measure, so that he could return to his corps again for a few days. But with regret and aching hearts we have had to say good-bye to the Lieutenant, as he had to go home for rest. His godly life and good influence still remain with us. His stay with us was short, still we learned to love him, and many were the prayers that went to the throne of God on his behalf. We are still going to pray for him. It gladdens our hearts to think we will never say good-bye in heaven. I believe, had the Lieutenant been able to stay with us, much good would have been accomplished. We have with us at present Lieut. Keeping for a few days. We pray that God will bless her.—A Friend.

CHARLOTTETOWN.

The Aged and the Babe Taken. Colonel Sharp and musical troupe much enjoyed, but the scribe was out on the trail, and missed it. The band concert on the Square, by the troupe, was told of approvingly in *Spirits*, sixty miles away. To-night we had three souls, one a brother of Mrs. (Capt.) Mallory. Brother Ingram's aged father has passed away, and also Brother Geo. Carr's infant babe. Death respects not age.—H.

EDMONTON. The time has come, and to our Officers Farewell. Some Ensign Charlton and myself have had to say good-bye to the dear comrades and people of Edmonton. We have had a happy stay while here, Ensign having worked here for ten months, and myself four. We have also had the joy of seeing souls coming to Jesus. On Sunday afternoon the Ensign enrolled nine recruits under the flag, and Bro. Kruger was



Part of the St. John's II. Corps, having an Outing near St. John's, Regatta Day.

The small camera in our possession was only able to catch a few faces of the multitude who spent their holiday under the tri-colored flag, but some idea can be gained by them of the sunny faces present, and the sunny day which smiled on St. John's people most graciously.—Pry.

commissioned as Sergt-Major and father of the corps. The amens from each comrade showed that they intended to be true to the vow taken. We give Adj. Taylor the credit for the way in which she collected for our S-D. target and Rescue Home in Calgary. Our crowds and finances have been excellent. Of course they would, for it takes the people of Edmonton to do this. We have taken our orders for Wetskevin, to open a new corps. We feel we are leaving behind us people who appreciate and love the work of the Army, and soldiers who have made our hearts rejoice to work with. We believe they will be faithful to God and the Army.—Lieut. Harris.

GRAND FORKS, Yukon.

We thought you might be interested to know how we are getting along at Grand Forks, Y.T. We have been here just five weeks and have just got acquainted with the people, and a kinder-hearted, more generous class I have never met before. We do not get the people to the inside meetings, so take our Bibles on the street, and we have some glorious times. God is indeed blessing us, and making us a blessing to the people. We walk miles every week up the creeks, selling War Cry and visiting. Last Friday, July 21st, we had Brigadier Smeaton and Capt. Parker with us. We had the Presbyterian Church for the night, and it was packed to excess. Everyone was delighted with the moving pictures of the International Congress at the C. P. It is the talk of the town. We say, "Come again soon, Brigadier." Pray for us, comrades.—Yours in the war, Maud Pease, Capt.

HAMILTON, Bar.

Since our last report we have had some wonderful times. God has been blessing us much, and the work is progressing. On Wednesday night we had a musical demonstration in aid of our band. We just recently made a little addition to our band, in the way of a circular bass. It is an all round instrument. It was dedicated to the Lord's service on Wednesday night. On Monday night we had a beautiful meeting. Our dear old friend, Capt. Donovan, was with us and read the lesson. There was much conviction throughout the meeting, and at the close two yielded to the strivings of God's Spirit. To God we give all the glory.—R. C.



Ensign and Mrs. Carter and Their Little Boy, Willie Arnold.

They were just favoured from Edmonton.



Ensign and Mrs. Ritchie, Sault Ste. Marie, Ont.

THE GENERAL'S

Great British Motor Campaign.

(Continued from page 4.)

and gazed with a wise shake of his head at the fast-disappearing cars, muttering his benedictions upon the General, who had passed 'swifter than a weaver's shuttle.'

"Rain fell heavily as we entered Tonbridge, but the streets were well-filled. In Castle Garden, at the door of the Council Chamber, the General was received by Councillor Frank East, and, passing to the terrace, he addressed a gathering on the lawn.

"Afterwards a much larger gathering was held in the Town Hall. Mr. East, who presided, gave the General a most hearty welcome. 'If there is any man,' said the chairman, 'who has the courage of his convictions, that man is General Booth.'

"Every man," said the General in his impassioned address, 'should be a reformer, and the Government and the Salvation Army should march forward hand in hand to the regeneration of society.'

"Tonbridge Wells was entered on time, the band coming out on a motor. Cheering crowds were here also, and flags and bunting.

"The Mayor of the borough, presenting greetings to the General, said possibly he might enter larger towns and speak to larger crowds, but he would certainly not receive any greeting more hearty, more sincere, than the greeting of Tonbridge Wells.

"The General's heart was visibly touched by the warmth of His Worship's welcome, and by the greetings of the large crowd facing him, and it was with considerable emotion that he responded to the Mayor's kindly words, which were so cordially endorsed by his colleagues and by leading citizens.

The Children's Greetings.

"How the people love the General! I consider, as the cars slip past, it gives one a catch in the throat to see their souls rush into their eyes as they wave their hands in greeting.

"How the children love the General! How their shrill, joyous, penetrating little voices fill the air with shouts of glee!

"The General stands for a good idea," said the reporter; but it is wonderful how they watch for him, how glad they look when they see him, and how their eyes shine as they watch the remaining cars sweep by. I cannot explain it—and I can only set it down as a fact."

East Grinstead and Horsham each received a brief visit in turn ere the day closed, contributing worthily to the entirely successful campaign other pleasing incidents.

FOURTH DAY.

(Extracts from the Daily Chronicle.)

"The General remarked gaily this morning that the people had marked out for him an easy day. He had only to travel from Horsham to Winchester and to address some three great meetings instead of six or seven. This would mean about five hours' oratory altogether. Such is the General's idea of an easy day.

"In the fresh and radiant morning on the drive from Horsham to Godalming he struck me curiously enough as a little ill at ease. We passed through a land of loneliness and loveliness—stately wood-crosted hills, idyllic meadows and corn-fields, spacious stretches of greenery on which the sunlight and the shadow alternated, were all in the picture. There was a sense of primeval restfulness, of the world's morning time, but the General did not seem to be happy in this peace and isolation of Nature. His time of rest and evening reverie is not yet. The problems of humanity ever call him, and his face looked relieved, and his eyes lit when near Godalming, we descended once more to the haunts of men.

"In the address to the General, read on the borough hall steps by the town clerk, there was a good deal of mellow history.

"In the borough hall he addressed a heartsome throng, making one of his characteristic speeches of well-nigh two hours' duration. He told of how, sixty years ago, he was turned to his destiny.

"Godalming altogether made holiday for the General's sake. There was an interesting variety in the individuality and types that specially welcomed the General during the morning and afternoon. Dr. Rendle, the headmaster of Charterhouse School, sat beside him on the Godalming platform. Gypsies respectfully saluted him from their way-side Bohemia on the road to Hindhead. Church school children hailed him at Rake, and heard one of those simple little speeches, naive and charming in their sincerity, with which he can touch the children.

"We had sundry indications in Petersfield of the deep effect of the General's propaganda. A prominent townsman, whose wife was ill, looked in, as he said, 'just to see the General and run away.' He left half a sovereign on the plate. He was prevailed upon to wait. When the General concluded his long appeal and apology the townsman turned to the collector. 'Give me back that half-sovereign,' he said. He returned it to his pocket, and in its stead on the plate he set two whole sovereigns.

"A poor old lady, who had lost the use of both limbs, was carried to her door and set in a bath-chair, and there she remained until the General had left the town. I noticed her as we passed, the light on her face, the vehemence with which she waved her handkerchief. Commissioner Cadman told me afterwards that he had talked with her in the interval. 'I can now die happy,' she said, 'because I have seen the General, and when the call comes I know that God will send down the hallelujah motor for me, and the loss of my old limbs won't matter in the least.'"

TERRITORIAL NEWSLETS.

There is necessarily much going and coming in Salvation Army circles. Only last week the reinforcements from Australia arrived. Brigadier Smeeton, back from the "Golden North," is now dispatched as the Commissioner's representative to instal the new P. O's, Brigadier and Mrs. Glover, in their Newfoundland command. The series of initial meetings at St. John's, Carbonara, Scilly Cove, and Han's Harbor will be almost over as readers peruse these columns, but there is still time to pray for God's special seal of blessing upon the final installation and welcome services to be held at St. John's II. on Sunday, Sept. 3rd. We hope shortly to give our readers the picture and an interesting sketch of the Brigadier's career.

To-day we have the double pleasure of greeting International visitors. Commissioner Sturgess, who commands the British Social operations is on a visit to this country, and Colonel Higgins, of the International Foreign Office, who is, on a visit to the U. S. A. on important Army business.

After all it proves, as our Commissioner says, that we are very near to one another all the vast world over, since we fight 'neath the one banner, are imbued with one aim, and controlled by one God and Father of all in seeking the interests of His Son's Kingdom upon earth.

We hear also that Staff-Captain Ellis, of I. H. Q., is on furlough amongst his relatives in the East. Welcome all, dear comrades! The more the merrier.

"In the midst of life we are in death." Constant reminders are not failing. This time it is Mrs. Staff-Capt. McLean who has suffered the loss of her esteemed and godly father. A brief account of his faithful soldiership is furnished by Adj. Crichton, of Place Bay District, in our next issue.

News comes to hand of a recent fire in Fernie, which destroyed a great many buildings in the vicinity of our barracks. In all

(War Cry.)

Brilliant Winchester.

"Winchester was brilliant. The square facing the Guild Hall, from the colossal statue of King Alfred to the portico and colonades of the hall itself, was a dense mass of people.

"The stately hall was lavishly decorated. A triangle of streamers floated over the main entrance, and shields, grouped flags and flowers were tastefully arranged.

"With much old-world ceremony, the Mayor (Seymour Morgan, Esq.), in his civic robes, and the Aldermen in their gowns, received the General on the steps of the splendid building.

"A group of Naval and Military men, 'Soldiers and Sailors, too,' had the privilege of saluting the General as he passed into the hall.

"The interior of the building was also beautifully decorated. From the platform the band—a great splash of red and gold in the gallery—and the expectant faces, made a picture not easily forgotten. Probably no more representative Winchester gathering ever assembled. From Canon Brodick, who occupied a seat on the platform, to the influential ladies and gentlemen who made up the audience, the ancient town had sent out her best to bid the veteran Salvation leader God-speed.

"Proud and pleased," as the chairman said to see and welcome the venerable head of the Salvation Army, they were only too anxious for him to begin the lecture to which they had all been looking forward.

"The General did not disappoint them, and as a citizen so well put it: 'His address was perfectly delightful, and will do so much toward enlightening the people and extending the influence of the Army.'

"The welcomes and receptions are growing in intensity as the campaign progresses."

probability the hall would have met the same fate as the surrounding houses had not Capt. Travis, the officer in charge, kept the building well dampened with water which he carried in pails and threw upon it. Great credit is due to the Captain for his foresight and prompt action.

A Master of Israel.

The following letter was received by the Mayor of Adelaide on the occasion of the civic welcome accorded the General on his arrival in that city:—

"Adelaide, June 14th, 1905.

"Dear Mr. Mayor,—

"Will you kindly accept my apology for my absence on Saturday morning on the occasion of extending a welcome to General Booth, owing to duties at the Synagogue.

"I regret very much my inability to pay my respect to the venerable warrior on his arrival in Adelaide. I, in conjunction with the members of my community, recognize the noble work he has been engaged in for so many years for the amelioration of our common humanity. His are indeed the labors which Jews and Christians cannot fail to admire. It is a pity that the world possesses not more such self-sacrificing and deeply earnest leaders of the people like the noble General whose life is wrapped up in promoting the temporal and eternal welfare of the 'submerged' among the human race. If there were, we all might hope to speedily see the glorious millennium of which the Hebrew prophet has pictured to us such glorious conditions for mankind at large at the time when the earth shall be full with the knowledge of the Lord as the waters cover the sea.

"Kindly convey my heartiest welcome to the Messenger of Peace who serves his Divine Master so well and faithfully. May the works of his hands find strength from the God of Abraham, whom all nations adore.

"With kind regards,

"I remain, Mr. Mayor,

"A. T. Boas, Rabbi."

A Reserve Man's Reply to Commissioner Coombs' Call.

Mr. Dear Commissioner,—

Ready, sir, for the foremost or rear rank, in the thickest fight, with my face to the foe, or at the base minding the stores—anywhere or anything, sir.

No; I didn't expect to be called up. You see, I've been left so long alone, sir, that I got accustomed to think you could do without me. I heard rumors that the enemy was reinforcing, mobilizing his troops, building forts, buying guns, and galloping to the frontier; but no one called to ask me to report myself. I've always worn the uniform, appeared on parade, stood up for the flag and my superiors; but as for fighting, sir—well, I must confess I've not done much of late years.

I've done a fair bit of talking of what we did in the old days. I took part, you know, in the Battle of Slopalley, and was wounded in the right eye with a cabbage-shell from the enemy's guns. And I was in that terrible hand-to-hand war down at Rumford, the Deeropolis of the south, when we were hemmed in by two columns of East-End rough-riders.

Now, that was a scrimmage if you like! The fire was so hot that a deluge of fried fish scattered the ranks. It was in this battle, sir, that Bob Smith, the gallant Fusilier, lost his helmet, and Fred Twicher, of the King's Own, had the bell of a new cornopion twisted out of all shape. Oh, yes, sir, I saw some rough work in those days!

You remember that decisive battle of the "Eagle"? I was there, I was not severely wounded. I escaped with a squeeze; but all the same, sir, it was a mighty battle.

Still, I'm ashamed, sir—I confess it—that I have made more of the past than the present; but never no more. Your order to the front, sir, brought me to my senses. It opened my eyes.

The Missus' Raking Fire.

I read it to the missus, and she called me hard names—very true names, sir, very true, but hard. She said: "Now, then, Jack, get out of this! You have been too long a talking soldier; begin and do some fighting. This fiddle business is taking all the war-fever out of you; why don't you pitch-in in the open-air as you used to? You are always among the first twenty to leave the prayer meeting; stick to your guns! You used to take a big round of cartridges on a Sunday morning; but where are you nowadays when the clock strikes seven? When we hadn't the pony and cart, and lived down in Humble Lane, you know, Jack, you looked happier. Now you worry, and nag, and nag, till life ain't what it was. You've lost the fighting spirit, Jack. Own up to it, and be done with sham, inside and outside. I shan't stop you. Harry's growing up, and Ruth she wants to be a Corps-Cadet."

That was what I called hard, sir. But, what with the missus' revival, your trumpet-call, sir, and the need of showing the young 'uns an example, put me down for a stiff slice of work.

Ready for Muckford.

What can I do? you ask, sir. I can take an Envoyship. I've got a bike and a concertina, a few spare coppers, and the love of souls, sir; and if you want a chap to do a bit o' shouting down at Muckford, or out by the "Seven Stars," I'm your man.

Or, if it's to start a new Street Brigade, and keep up the fire after the artillery retires to close quarters on a Sunday night, my lungs are at your service, sir.

Or, I don't mind being doorkeeper, and relieving Peter.

Do anything with me, sir, for I've got back the right spirit, and I see what I didn't see a week ago; I see once again the sad faces of the street; I hear the sham laughter and jokes of the pub; I hear the cry of the children; and I see clearer than ever that there is

only one medicine for sin, one deliverer from its power, and one way, for me at anyrate, sir, of getting the poor sinner to see it all as I see it, and that is to come to the front, sir, obey the call, and put myself in the Captain's hands.

Ready, sir, ready for the blood-and-fire!

No Longer a Reserve Man.

5 Power Gardens, off Red-Hot Road.

Prison Gate Victories.

Lieut.-Colonel Pugmire, who is in charge of our Prison Gate Work in the Dominion, captivated a Montreal audience with the entrancing story of captives set free in a double sense. Both the Montreal Witness and the Gazette gave glowing reports of the meeting, though our space does not allow of full reproduction.

Amongst other interesting details we cull the following from the Gazette:

The work is carried on irrespective of creed and nationality. Provided a man is willing to accept our aid, that aid is forthcoming. We don't cram religion down their throats and then help them; we help them first, afterwards do our best to look after their spiritual welfare. In addition to personal interviews with the men, we hold meetings on each visit. Last year 300 of these were held, and 487 criminals professed conversion. At a meeting recently held in the Kingston Penitentiary the attendance numbered 280, and thirty expressed a desire to lead a better life.

"As a test of the efficacy of work with first offenders, the Police Court in Toronto handed over last year 105 men of this class, and so far as the records are able to show, not one of these have been up in court again. This is one of the side issues of the work of the Department of Prisons in the Army, but not the only one. An Enquiry Department has been formed in the Army. This Department seeks to find persons of whom their respective families have lost all trace. Applications to the number of 443 were made to this Department last year, and in 124 cases the Army was successful. This is often the labor of months, and necessitates correspondence running as high as thirty letters in individual cases before the person is found.

All this costs money, and in the short space of six years the expenditure of the Army in the prison work has run up to an annual outlay of \$4,000. As the Government grant is only about \$1,500, the Prison Work means extra effort upon the financial directions of the organization."

A Trophy.

In the spring of the year a young man sought salvation at the Army penitent form in one of the Commissioner's Toronto meetings. He was unknown to the officers, and no one could guess or unguess the secrets of his past sinful course. But the Spirit of God discovered them to his conscience, and showed him unerringly the only course open to him if he would get right with God. That involved a damaging confession and a surrender to the claims of law and justice.

The young man proved his sincerity by immediately proceeding to Kingston and giving himself up to the military authorities as a bygone deserter. He was sentenced to six months' imprisonment. Half the sentence had expired when Colonel Pugmire was visiting the Kingston Jail. During his interviews with the prisoners, he came across this young man, and found him rejoicing in salvation and doing right.

Subsequently the Colonel ventured to explain the case to the commanding officer at Kingston, asking for leniency on the young man's behalf, and was intensely gratified to learn that as a result the term was shortened and the young man released.

Let us pray that he may ever have the courage of his convictions, and become a valiant soldier of Jesus Christ in the fighting ranks.

Police Court Notes.

After having answered to a charge of vagrancy in the Police Court, and being removed once or twice, J. S. was allowed to go on his own bail to see if he would go to work; if he did not he was to come back in a week and be sentenced. He was followed out of court by our Court Officer, Adjt. Collier, and asked if he would like a chance to start in. He said he would, and was given a room at the Metropole, which cost him \$1.00 per week. He found employment at once, and the second day after came in and gladly paid \$1.00 for a week in advance. That is some weeks ago, and he is doing well, working hard every day, and has become a respectable citizen.

♦ ♦ ♦

Miss — was charged with stealing. It was her first offence. The Crown said he had great faith in the reforming powers of the Salvation Army, and that he considered it would be in the interests of both the community and the young woman to hand her over to the S. A., if his Worship could see his way clear to do so. Needless to say, His Worship consented to do this, and the prisoner was led away by Brigadier Stewart of the Women's Social Department.

♦ ♦ ♦

It is not only the prisoners themselves that we help and bless, but those of their friends who are brought to sorrow and disgrace by their actions. Sometimes it is a broken-hearted mother, a young wife or sister, and sometimes a grey-haired father, who come for advice and for words of comfort and consolation in their trouble.

♦ ♦ ♦

A short time ago our Court Officer, on leaving the Police Court, saw a young woman weeping and he went to her side, sat down, gave her his card, although she was a stranger to him, and offered to be of any assistance to her that he could. Her young husband, who had always before borne a splendid character, had that morning been sentenced to a term of imprisonment. The leaving of his card brought the lady to his office the following morning, and since then, although not having given any financial assistance, as this was not a necessity, the Adjutant has been able to perform more than one little act of kindness, which we hope has helped to lighten her burdened heart.

♦ ♦ ♦

The same day a broken-hearted mother comes and asks the officer if he can go and see her boy, who has got into disgrace, and who is in the jail on remand, and get the truth from him, and to bring her back such, no matter what it may be.

And so we could go on telling of these cases. Our hearts feel tender towards the friends of this class, who must suffer with them, only in a different way. Truly the harvest is great.

♦ ♦ ♦

While at the Temple on Sunday afternoon I heard an aged man testify who was in one of our meetings in the Don Jail a few weeks ago.—H. W. C.

FARMING IN NORWAY.

Four Years' Work to Feed a Cow.

There are a million uncultivated acres of land in Norway, out of which 15,000 small farms could be made. But the ground is very hard and stony, and to make it fit for crop-bearing would be costly work.

Then the summer also being so short—three months only—is another drawback. It is reckoned that four years' work would have to be put in before the land would yield enough to feed a cow.

The same difficulty exists in Norway as in other countries. The young people forsake the land, go to America and the towns, and the large farms have greatly lapsed.



One of the saddest events we have ever had to chronicle took place Saturday morning, the 22nd ult., about 10.40 a.m., when our dear comrade, Leander Smart, met with death in the Cow waters near Fraser's beach. He had been cleaning his fishing boat, and was just about to turn it to shore (there being only a few feet deep of water) when suddenly he was lost sight of. Other boatmen waited a few seconds, but not seeing him come to the surface, hurried to assist.

Somebody dived down and brought up the body, which was quickly taken ashore, and Dr. MacKinnon, who was called, labored for an hour to resuscitate life, but all in vain. Our dear comrade's spirit had soared above. The impression prevails that heart failure was the immediate cause.

The event is doubly sad as we understand he was to have been married in a few weeks to an estimable young lady, who is almost heart-broken by the terrible blow.

A short sketch of his life I am sure will be interesting. Leander Smart was born on the 1st of January, 1880, at Robert's Arm, Notre Dame Bay, Nfld. His parents afterwards moved to Little Bay Mine, where, at the age of twelve years, he was converted in a Salvation Army meeting. A short time after the mines closed down, necessitating another move to Tilt Cove, but after eighteen months' soldiering here he was led astray, and, to use his own words, "It was a sorry day for him." But thank God on a Sunday night in July, 1898, he returned to his Saviour and his God. One month later Ensign G. Cooper formed a brigade for outpost work, and he was one of the five to be chosen, their work being wonderfully blessed of the Lord.

For a year he sold from 50 to 75 Crys weekly. Then he was commissioned by Ensign (now Adj.) Goulson as corps Sergt.-Major. He was a true soldier, always ready to do and dare for the Master.

Just a few months ago he came to our city, and took his place on our platform. It was good to see his happy, contented countenance, and although of few words, was a welcome addition to our corps. To say we were deeply shocked when word reached us of his sudden call, but very soon expresses our feelings. Full of life, young, eagerly looking forward to a thrice happy future. Truly "man proposes, but God disposes," yet how cheering and comforting to know that he was ready.

On Monday afternoon we committed his remains to mother earth, sorrowing not as those without hope, but knowing if we prove true to God we shall meet him on the great victory point. We gave him a real Army funeral. Many prominent Orangemen, True Blues, and the Builders' Laborers' Union, of which organizations he was a member, were present.

It was touching in the extreme to see the grief-stricken relations, especially the dear one he loved. God bless her and them, and sustain them in their trying ordeal. Our sympathies and our prayers are with them.

Oh, for lives of purity and love in the Master's service, ever winning souls for that bright home above, where we shall meet to part, no, never.—H. N. M. N.

HE DIED AT HIS POST.

Burin, Nfld.—Death has claimed another faithful soldier from the fighting line in the person of Uriah Brow. Some fourteen years ago he knelt at the Army penitent form and got converted. Some time after he took his stand at a soldier; and for eleven years never lowered the standard, but fought as a hero and finished well. He loved his God, he loved his country, and went in heart and soul for their salvation. He loved the Army; he loved its principles; he loved his uniform; he loved the flag, and he loved to march in step with the drum. But it's finished, the battle is fought, the crown is won. Like Nelson, he was heard to say, "I've done my duty."

I visited him. It was good to listen to his words as he talked freely of God's wonderful power that kept him all these years a soldier. I asked him if he was sorry for spending these years in the Army. With a shout that could only come from a dying hero he said, "Oh, praise the Lord! no, I'm not sorry. I would gladly spend it over again." He talked much of the beautiful home and the reward that awaited him. He warned the sinner to prepare to meet God while he had strength, and to his comrades soldiers to fight on, hold fast, brave the storm, and never allow him to be about his business when the morning.

July 15th, the chariot lowered, and Uriah Brow, Secretary of Burin corps, stepped on board and went to the gloryland. We shall hear his voice no more till the morning breaks and we too shall be

called home. We gave our comrade a real Army funeral. At his home we held a very impressive service, and thence marched to the Army hall. The march was headed with a white draped flag and the soldiers wore white armlets. At the barracks we held a very powerful service. Many hearts were touched as we talked of the one-time active, zealous worker who was before us in his casket instead of on the platform. One woman, with her baby in her arms, came out to his casket and got saved. We laid him to rest with a certainty of meeting him again before the throne. Some 860 attended the funeral to pay the last tribute to the faithful soldier. The following Sunday night we held his memorial service. The hall was packed to its utmost capacity. The service was very impressive indeed, as the comrades stood and talked of the love, loyalty and devotion, and the glorious finish of our departed comrade. We felt like weeping with those that wept and rejoicing with those that rejoiced.

God stamped conviction on many hearts, and we closed our prayer meeting giving God the glory for sixteen souls that came and got saved. We believe the angels did rejoice with us, and not only was our comrade's life a blessing, but his death as well.

Our hearts are in sympathy with his dear mother (who also is a soldier) and his brothers and sisters, who feel this blow keenly, and we are praying that God will sustain them and at last bring them all to the mansions above.—George Sparks, Capt.

CINEMATOGRAPH AT SKAGWAY.

The Daily Alaskan, of Skagway, reports thus:

"The moving picture entertainment, given by Capt. Parker, of the Salvation Army, at the Methodist church last night was well attended, and the audience was appreciative. In addition to the interesting views from the London Zoological Gardens and elsewhere, there were exhibited views showing the different branches of the Salvation Army in the cause of humanity. Pictures were thrown on the canvas of the Farm Colony conducted by the Army near London, where thousands of people, broken in health from overwork or dissipation, are taken that they might breathe the fresh air of the country, come in contact with nature, and recuperate their physical and moral health. The free soup distribution and Rescue Work in the slums of London and other great cities, were fully illustrated, and a comprehensive idea of the activity of the great organization portrayed. Those who witnessed the production came away with a broader idea than they formerly possessed of the Salvation Army.

"The Holy City," illustrated on the canvas, was beautifully sung by Miss Nellie Parsons, Mrs. Blackburn sang several solos, and little Master Blackburn both sang and recited."

PALMERSTON.

It is many years since International Meeting. Palmerston witnessed such

A barracks as on Monday, Aug. 14th. Fully 250 people assembled in the spacious hall, the occasion being the visit of Ensign Poole, with his International Meeting. Several countries were represented, and each representative was dressed in the national costume, and in addition carried the national flag and shield. The procession through the town created the greatest of interest. Ensign Poole's lecture on the different nations was highly appreciated and thunders of applause was given when he called on Capt. Matter, who was representing England, Ireland and Scotland. A favorite solo of the Captain's was well received. Each and every comrade who took part in this great service are to be highly complimented on the way they carried out their part of the meeting. The meeting itself gives people a very good idea of the extent of our world-wide Army. The officers are in for victory here. Already a noticeable increase in crowds is observed. Treasurer Cowan, an old soldier of this corps, is happy over the arrival of a boy-Cadet.—Fred Harrington, Lieut.

PORT DE GRAVE, Nfld.

Seeking a clean heart. God has been wonderfully blessing us this week. From early morning, on Sunday, at knee-drill, God's power was poured out. The holiness meeting was one of blessing. The people were singing, "It makes me just now," a dear old mother came to the very seat for the blessing of a clean heart with pleading tears and trembling voice. "O God, make me all Thou wouldst have me be." Praise God for such a time. At night many were convicted of sin. Still more gave way on Wednesday night. Two who left the meeting on Sunday night feeling the burden of sin came to Christ that night. We give the glory to God for praying and believing, as a means in the Army's ranks. God grant it to be soon.—M. Nell, Capt.

PETERBORO.

A week last Thursday we Pienio and Farewell, had our annual picnic down the Otanabee River to Jubilee Point, and we had a very favorable and enjoyable day, more especially to the children, who indulged in racing and different games, much to their delight. The band favored us with music, which was much enjoyed. The trip to Jubilee Point was also held at the Point. Surrounded by water, we were by picnicers we didn't forget their spiritual welfare. The service proved very impressive. The following Wednesday we had Ensign Edwards with us, the representative of Lazarus in the E. O. P. He

favored us with his delightful lantern service, entitled "Willie Will's Wings," the audience being well pleased with it. Last Saturday and Sunday Adj. Burrows paid us a farewell visit prior to his departure for the U. S. A. The Adjutant is an old friend of ours, having been stationed here when a Lieutenant. Although he has climbed the ladder quite a bit since then, none of us have forgotten the good times we had together then, and many pleasant recollections were recalled. Well, praise the Lord, we had a good time this week-end; one soul out for sanctification. Many more acknowledged that they ought to have come out, both for sanctification and salvation. May God still further convict them. The band had a moonlight excursion down the river last Wednesday night. It was in every way a success. Under the leadership of Bandmaster Peckham they favored us with excellent music in one end of the boat, whilst a number of the comrades gathered around the organ and delighted the gathering with vocal selections at the other. All War Cry readers will be sorry to hear that Mark Spence, better known as "Cabbage Mike," is very seriously ill. We pray that he may be soon restored to health again and be in the fight that he loves. May God bless him.—A. Welshman.

SOMERSET, Ber.

It is quite a while since Augmented Numbers. You have heard from this part of the battle field. We are glad to say that things are looking very bright at present, and many souls have found the Saviour, who is able to break every fetter and set them free. Praise God. Since the Commission's visit to Somerset you should "see our numbers, how they swell," and what a blessed time it was. I tell you, Mr. Editor, our hearts have been alight, ablaze ever since, and God did bless the efforts put forth to the salvation of souls. So we every one say, "Come again, Commissioner, our hearts are very warm towards you, and don't forget to bring Mrs. Coombs also." I must say good-bye until you hear from us again.—Frederick Wilson.



Chronic inflammation of the eyes may result from an acute attack, but is more frequently caused by intense application of the eyes from overuse in study, or in some employment requiring close observation. In many cases it is aggravated and by some defect, such as far-sightedness, but the patient does not suspect. In most cases it occurs in debilitated individuals, especially in scrofulous children.

Symptoms.—The eye is red, and looks irritated; there is a certain increased amount of susceptibility to light, so that the individual avoids a bright light as much as possible. The edges of the lids are red, there is an increased secretion which gathers at the corners of the eyes. The person cannot read or apply the eye continuously for the usual time without feeling that the eyes grow very tired and hot.

Treatment.—In most cases it becomes necessary to improve the state of the patient's general health. Without such treatment the local applications to the eyes remain ineffectual. It will, therefore, be necessary to examine carefully the state of the patient's functions, and to prescribe such medicines as are necessary to relieve any irregularities of the system. If the patient be a scrofulous child, it will be advisable to administer cod liver oil, a teaspoonful of which may be given twice a day. Such children will also be benefited by the following prescription: Syrup of iodide of iron, 1 ounce; glycerine, 2 ounces. Mix, and take a teaspoonful after meals.

Care should be taken that the eyes are not strained by excessive application to fine work. It may even be necessary for the individual to change his employment temporarily, so that his eyes may secure their proper rest. Continuous reading, especially of fine print, and other close applications of the eyes, should be avoided.

Unless the eyes are very irritable, the local treatment may consist in the use of the following eye-water: Sulphate of zinc, 2 grains; water, 2 ounces. Three or four drops of this may be dropped into the eye once or twice a day.

The eyes may be washed frequently with cold water, and the edges of the lids should be smeared with vasoline at night upon retiring.

If there be much dread of light these applications will probably increase the irritation, and should therefore be discontinued at once. In such cases benefit is often derived from the application of a small fly-blower, say half an inch square, to the temple. Instead of the lotion above mentioned there may be used the following: Yellow ointment of mercury, half ounce; vasoline, half ounce. A small portion of this, as large as two pin heads, may be placed between the lids morning and night.

This treatment must be continued for several weeks, or even for months, before a cure can be expected. In many cases it will be found that the surface of the lids are studded with minute red bodies, granulations. In these cases the granulations will also be benefited by the use of the fly-blower without the use of some other measure than those indicated. These measures can, however, be carried out only by a surgeon, and need not be indicated here.

G. B. M. NOTES.

THE APPROACH TO LHASSA.

New Liskeard is a nice place, with old friends and new, and two nice officers are stationed here. I had the pleasure of conducting five days' meetings here. It is an inspiration to see the young converts, their faces bright, and their eyes sparkling to tell of the love of their Saviour. Ensign McCann and Capt. Macmillan have captured the place. I overheard one of the business men say that the Ensign was the best preacher in town. Mr. Middleton, an old Army friend, invited us to take tea with him, and he related to us his experiences with the Army in Montreal, years ago. He has a warm place in his heart for the S. A.

Our lantern service was held in the Orange Hall, and we had an excellent crowd, which would do justice to any Toronto corps.

At Haliburton we met another old Army friend, Bro. Dueville, who used to be a soldier in Belleville in the early days of the Army. The blood-and-fire spirit still remains with him. He came out with us on the open-air, and we were pleased to hear his testimony.

It is a common occurrence in the New Ontario District to see men walking into the open-air ring and handing the Ensign a dollar to help on their work. I might say that some ladies of the Methodist Church wrote a very encouraging letter to the officers, expressing their feelings of gratitude for their coming to the town. May God abundantly bless them in their efforts.—T. B.

A member of the Younghusband expedition to Tibet describes the approach to Lhasa. "Between and over the glades and woodlands the city of Lhasa itself peeps, an adobe stretch of narrow streets and flat-topped houses, crowned here and there with a mass of golden roofs or gilded cupolas. But there is no time to look at this. A man can have no eye for anything but the huge upstanding mass of the Potala Palace to the left. It draws the eye of the mind like a loadstone, for, indeed, sheer bulk and magnificent audacity could do no more in architecture than they have done in this huge palace temple of the grand lama. Simplicity has wrought a marvel in stone nine hundred feet in length and towering seventy feet higher than the golden cross of St. Paul's cathedral."

FOR SALE.

A Jeffries Concertina, in B flat, with 32 keys, metal nickel tops and keys, six-fold bellows, nearly new, in leather case, cost over \$30. Bandmaster Thomas Adams, Water Street, Belleville, Ont., offers for \$25.

WANTED!

Agents to solicit War Cry subscriptions in places where no Army corps is located. Liberal terms. Apply to the Editor, War Cry, James and Albert Sts., Toronto.

We are Looking for you

(First insertion.)

5017. COONEY, JAMES E. Printer. Missing about twenty-five years. Last known address, St. Catharines, Ont. Was then on the Daily Review, of St. Catharines, Ont.

5020. LEE, ANDREW EMBERSON. Age 38 years, 5ft. 10in., farmer and sometimes river-driver, black hair, blue eyes. Missing about two months. Last known address, care of Perry Sound Lumber Co., Perry Sound, Ont.

5024. JONES, ARTHUR THOMAS. Born at Streetsville, Ont., August 29th, 1876. Height 5ft. 8in., slim build, complexion fair, slightly freckled, grey eyes, light hair, machinist by trade.

5026. HUTCHINGS, GEORGE ARTHUR. Age 45, medium height, sailor quartermaster, dark brown hair, brown eyes. Missing about twenty years. Last known address, 29 Welclose Square, now known as Harard Place, London, England. Was last employed on an Oriental Liner, S.S. Garonne, as quartermaster.

5031. GWYNNE, ALAN. Age 37, painter and plumber. Was last known to be working on a farm in New Hampshire, U.S.A.

5031. WALKER, DANIEL HOWE. Age 65 years. Left home in 1859. Fair complexion, light hair, blue eyes, sailor. Last heard of in Vancouver, B.C.

5033-4. WICKHAM, EDWARD and WILLIAM. Engineers. Came over to this country on S.S. Southwark, landing in Montreal about August 2nd, '05. Late of Southsea, England.

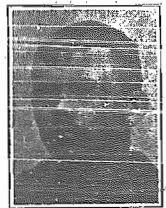
5035. PEARSON, JOHN D. Last heard from in Kelso, British Columbia. Light blue eyes, very fair complexion, light auburn hair, very tall and slender, has an impediment in his speech called stammering, age about 45 years.

(Second insertion.)

4991. LOVERSIDGE, WILLIAM (or Sanders). Age 34. Five feet. Dark hair and complexion, blue eyes; Englishman; laborer. Last known address, Red Head, N.B.



Loversidge, Wm.



Thomsen, Lauritz.

4994. THOMSEN, LAURITZ HENRIK. Born in Odense, Denmark, May 14th, 1882. Last known address (two years ago) was Secs. 113 Grasset, C.P.R., Ont.

4945. WATKINS, ISABELLA CATHARINE (nee Scott). Age 24 years, height 5ft. 5in., domestic, dark hair and eyes. Missing since May 22nd, '05. Last known address, Ratho, Ont.



Isabella Watkins.



Franz Bazzoni.

5014. BAZZONI, FRANZ, of Verso, Italy. Left Zurich in 1902, for Toronto.

5013. THOMPSON, PETER CRAMER, or Thompson. Born at Christiansburg, July, 1878. Tall man, blue eyes, deformed, cloddy feet, much addicted to drink. Has been in America since the spring of 1900; first in Winnipeg, Man., Fort William, Ont., Spokane, Wash., and Walla Walla, Wash. In August, 1904, he wrote from Seattle, Wash., that he was going to Grand Forks, B.C.

5015. RAWLINS, EDWIN GEORGE. Age 35, height 5ft. 6in., medium hair, dark brown eyes, rather dark complexion, cabinet maker.

5016. BROWN, MILES THOMAS. Age 75, rather tall, dark hair and eyes. Missing since May 14th, 1875. Last known address 199 Exeter St., Bradford, Yorkshire. Served in the 17th Lancers and London Mounted Police.

5019. GARDINER, WILLIAM A. Age 73, horse doctor, height 5ft. 2in., very poor eyesight. Last known address, Picton, Ont. Light hair, more rather long light colored beard. If dead, would like to know when and where he died.

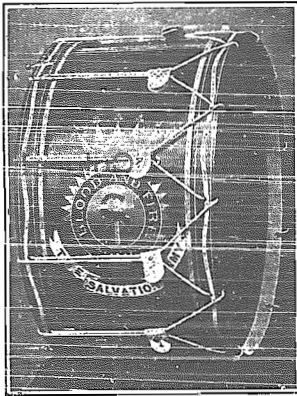
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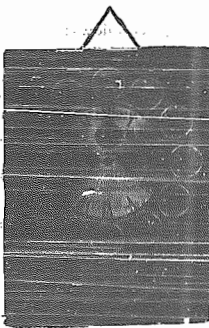


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SONGS OF THE WEEK

ARE YOU READY?

Tune.—M.S. Vol. IX. 168.

- 1 Should the death-angel knock at your chamber
In the still watch of to-night,
Say, will your spirit pass into darkness,
Or to the land of delight?

Chorus.

Say, are you ready? Oh, are you ready
If the death-angel should call?
Say, are you ready? Oh, are you ready?
Mercy stands waiting for all.

Many sad spirits now are departing
Into the world of despair;
Every brief moment brings your doom nearer;
Sinner, oh, sinner, beware!

Many redeemed ones now are ascending
Into the mansions of light;
Jesus is pleading high up in glory,
Seeking to save you to-night!

NOT ONE LIKE JESUS!

- 2 There's not a friend like the lowly Jesus,
No, not one! No, not one!
None else could heal all our soul's diseases,
No, not one! No, not one!

Chorus.

Jesus knows all about our struggles,
He will guide till the day is done.
There's not a friend like the lowly Jesus,
No, not one! No, not one!

No friend like Him so high and holy,
And yet no friend is so meek and lowly.

There's not an hour that He is not near us,
No night so dark but His love can cheer us.

Did ever saint find this Friend forsake him?
Or sinner find that He would not take him?

Was e'er a gift like the Saviour given?
Will He refuse us a home in heaven?

LORD, GIVE US SOULS!

Tune.—N.B.B. 219.

- 3 Lord, for a mighty revival we plead,
Lord, give us souls!
Thy saving power in this meeting we need,
Lord, give us souls!
Quicken our hearts by Thy Holy Ghost power,
Four out Thy Spirit, a great mighty shower;
Of sin the sinners' conviction, Lord, this hour,
Lord, give us souls!
- Let every heart on this subject be set,
Lord, give us souls!
Help us to pray till the answer we get,
Lord, give us souls!
Give us the faith that will not let Thee go,
Faith that says "Yes," though the devil says "No."
Lord, Thy salvation in this meeting show,
Lord, give us souls!

Lord, we believe Thou art coming to save,
Lord, we believe!
Floods of salvation and power we shall have—
Lord, we believe!
Souls shall be truly converted to Thee,
From all the bondage of Satan be free;
Made into soldiers to fight well for Thee,
Lord, we believe!

GOD IS LOVE

Tunes.—N.B.B. 122, 124.

- 4 Come, let us all unite to sing,
God is love!
Let heaven and earth their praises bring,
God is love!
Let every soul from sin awake,
Each in his heart sweet music make,
And sing with us for Jesus' sake,
God is love!
- Oh, tell to earth's remotest bound,
In Christ we have redemption found,
His blood has washed our sins away,
His Spirit turned our night to day,
And now we can rejoice to say,
God is love!
- What though our heart and flesh should fail,
Through Christ we shall o'er death prevail;
Through Jordan's awe! we will not fear,
Our Jesus will be with us there,
Our heads above the waves He'll bear,
God is love!

NEARER, MY GOD, TO THEE

5

Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee!
E'en though it be a cross
That raiseth me;
Still all my song shall be:
"Nearer, my God, to Thee—
Nearer to Thee!"

Though like a wanderer,
The sun gone down,
Darkness be over me,
My rest a stone,
Yet in my dreams I'd be
Nearer, my God, to Thee—
Nearer to Thee!

There let my way appear
Steps unto heaven;
All that Thou sendest me
In mercy given;
Angels to beckon me,
Nearer, my God, to Thee—
Nearer to Thee!

Then with my waking thoughts
Bright with Thy praise,
Out of my stony griefs
Bethel I'll raise;
So by my woes to be
Nearer, my God, to Thee—
Nearer to Thee!

And when, on joyful wing,
Cleaving the sky,
Sun, moon, and stars forgot,
Upward I fly,
Still all my song shall be:
"Nearer, my God, to Thee—
Nearer to Thee!"

A HOLINESS PRAYER.

Tunes.—With Panting Heart: Monmouth.

6

O Thou to whose all-searching sight
The darkness shineth as the light,
Search, prove my heart, it pants for Thee;
Oh, burst these bonds, and set me free.

Wash out its stain, refine its dress,
Nail my affections to the cross;
Hallow each thought, let all within
Be clean, as Thou, my Lord, are clean.

When sinking floods my soul o'erthrow,
When sinks my heart in waves of woe,
Jesus, Thy timely aid impart,
And raise my head, and cheer my heart.

Saviour, where'er Thy steps I see,
Dauntless, untired, I'll follow Thee;
Oh, let Thy hand support me still,
As day by day I do Thy will!

If rough and thorny be the way,
My strength proportion to my day;
Through outward war give inward peace,
Till at Thy throne my war shall cease.

JESUS, MY RANSOM.

Tune.—N.B.B. 228.

7

Jesus came down my ransom to be,
Oh, it was wonderful love!
For out of the Father's heart He came,
To die for me on a cross of shame,
To set me free He took the blame,
Oh, it was wonderful love!

Chorus.

Wonderful, wonderful, wonderful love,
Coming to me from heaven above,
Filling me, thrilling me through and through,
Oh, it was wonderful love!

Clear to faith's vision the cross reveals
Beautiful actions of love;
And all that my grace e'en I may be
When saved, to serve Him eternally,
He came, He died for you and me,
Oh, it is wonderful love!

STEREOSCOPIC VIEWS OF THE GREAT CONGRESS.

Many officers and others would like to obtain the stereoscopic views of the great International Congress, which have been reproduced in the War Cry during the last year or so. Arrangements have been made to supply a set of fifty of these fine photographic views for 25, post paid to any address in Canada. Apply to the Trade Office, S. A. Citadel, Winnipeg, Man.

COMING EVENTS

THE Harvest Festival

DATES

HAVE BEEN FIXED, FOR

Sept. 23, 24, 25, 26.

MAKE IT A TIME OF
REAL THANKSGIVING.

Commissioner AND Mrs. Coombs,

accompanied by

COLONEL KYLE AND LIEUT.
COLONEL PUGMIRE,

will visit

*PORT ARTHUR Thursday, Sept. 7
FORT WILLIAM Friday, Sept. 8
WINNIPEG, Sunday to Wednesday, Sept.
10 to 13 (inclusive).

*Colonel and Mrs. Kyle will not be present.

Colonel and Mrs. Kyle, assisted by THE TERRITORIAL HEADQUARTERS STAFF,

will conduct Three Great Meetings at
THE TEMPLE Sunday, Sept. 3
at 11 a.m., 3 and 7-30 p.m.

The Colonel, assisted by Lieut.-Colonel Pug-
mire, will conduct a meeting at Sault Ste.
Marie, Ont., on Sept. 5.

LIEUT.-COLONEL PUGMIRE'S WEST- ERN TOUR

Special Meetings as follows:

Prince Albert Friday, Sept. 15
Regina Sat. and Sun., Sept. 16, 17
Edmonton Tues. and Wed., Sept. 18, 19
Calgary Thursday, Sept. 20
Vancouver Sat. and Sun., Sept. 23, 24
Officers' Councils will also be held.
Victoria Monday, Sept. 25

STAFF-CAPT. McLEAN

Will conduct Revival Meetings at Lippincott, Man-
itowish, Toronto, from Thurs. Aug. 21, to
19 (inclusive).

T. F. S. APPOINTMENTS.

Ensign Poole.—Ingersoll, Sept. 1, 2, 3; Leth-
bridge, Sept. 4.
Ensign Campbell.—Hillsboro, Sept. 2; Sussex,
Sept. 3, 4; Campbellton, Sept. 5; Newmarket, Sept. 7;
Chatham, Sept. 8.
Ensign Edwards.—Prescott, Sept. 2, 3, 4; Morris-
burg, Sept. 5, 6; Cornwall, Sept. 7, 8; Montreal, L.
Sept. 9, 10, 11; Montreal, H., Sept. 12, 13; Sherbrooke,
Sept. 14, 15; Coaticook, Sept. 16, 17, 18; Quebec,
Sept. 19, 20, 21.

IMMIGRATION AND TRANSPORTATION DEPARTMENT.

Will officers and soldiers remember that we have
a Shipping Agency at Headquarters, and can book
passengers to all parts of the world. If you have
anyone going or coming from England, or else-
where, kindly write us for rates, etc., or have them do so.
Address: Brigadier T. Howell, 22 Albert St., Toronto.